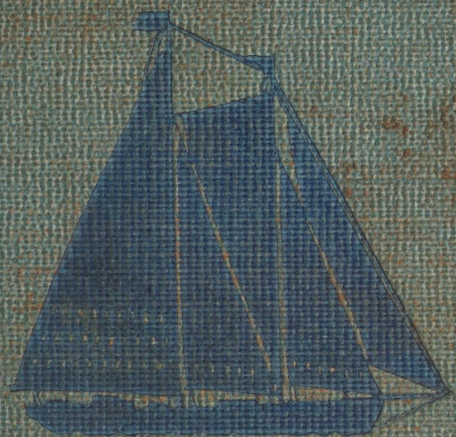




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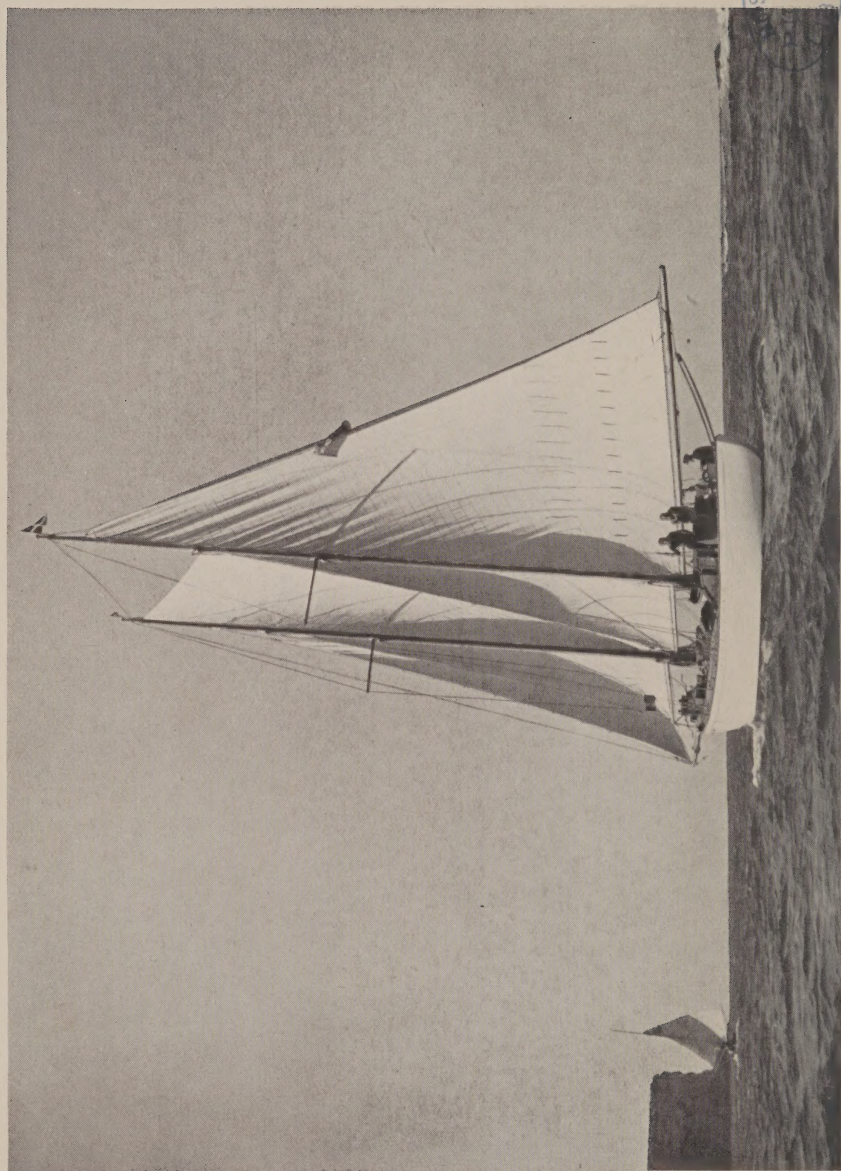
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NORTHWARD HO!

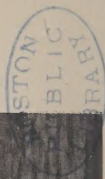


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(Frontispiece)



SIRIUS PASSING THROUGH SYDNEY HEADS



NORTHWARD HO!

BEING THE LOG OF A 35 TON SCHOONER
FROM SYDNEY TO PLYMOUTH

BY
HAROLD NOSSITER

*WITH
PLATES, MAP AND
DIAGRAMS*

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1936

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BEAUFORT WIND-SCALE

For readers not conversant with this scale I insert the following particulars in order that they may be able to follow the wind-forces mentioned in the narrative.

No.	Limit of velocity	Average velocity	Description
0	Less than 1 mile	0	Calm
1	1 to 3 miles	2	Light Air
2	4 " 6 "	5	Light breeze
3	7 " 10 "	9	Gentle breeze
4	11 " 16 "	14	Moderate "
5	17 " 21 "	19	Fresh "
6	22 " 27 "	24	Strong "
7	28 " 33 "	30	Moderate gale
8	34 " 40 "	37	Fresh "
9	41 " 47 "	44	Strong "
10	48 " 55 "	52	Whole "
11	56 " 65 "	60	Storm
12	Over 65 "		Hurricane

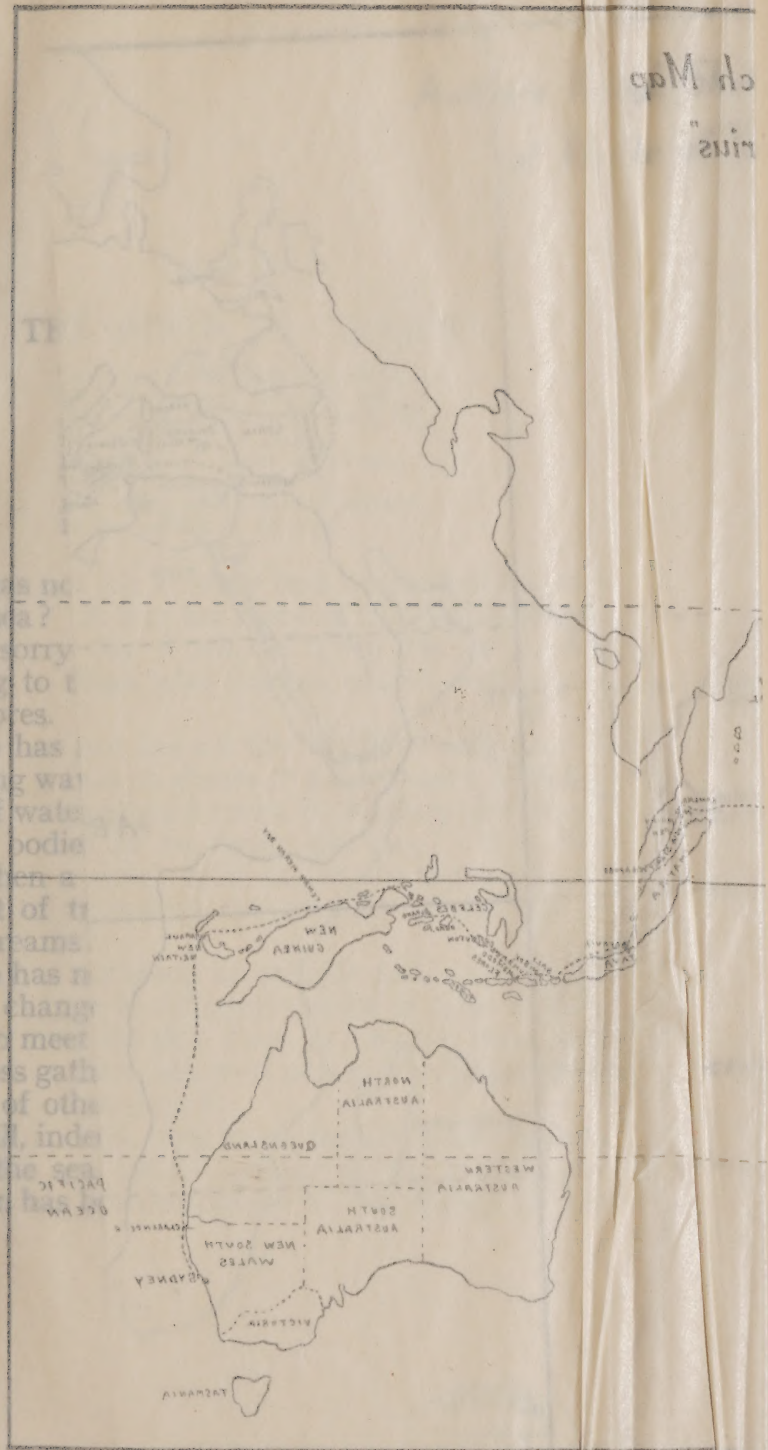
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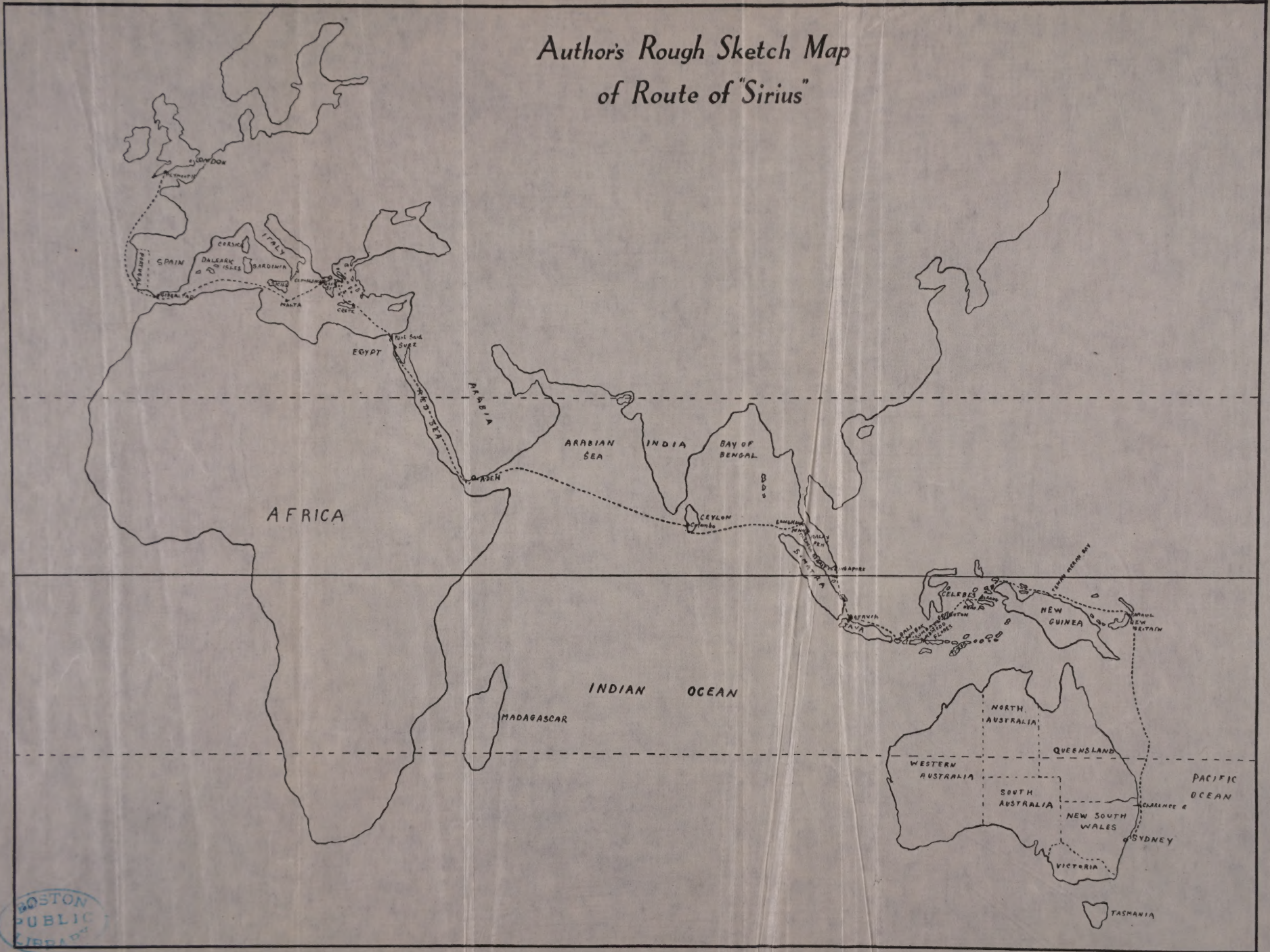
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*Author's Rough Sketch Map
of Route of "Sirius"*



CHAPTER I

THE BIRTH OF "SIRIUS"

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsail shot with fire;
And my heart has gone aboard her,
For the Islands of Desire.
I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture,
In the wonder of the sea.

WHO has not felt at some time or another the call of the sea? It is in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, and a sorry day it will be when the sea means nothing to those who live on islands with rock-girt shores.

Who has not known the witchery and lure of breaking waves on shores of golden sand, with the swirl of water around rocks, or making playthings of our bodies as we breast the seas? Who has not, when a child, built castles on the sand and dreamt of travelling the ocean to the lands of their dreams?

Who has not stood at twilight and watched the waters change to different shades of blue as they seem to meet the sky, then, as the light fades and darkness gathers, has seen sails in the distance like ghosts of other days?

It will, indeed, be a sorry day for Great Britain when the sea means nothing to us, for our expansion has been across the waters, though of late

NORTHWARD HO!

years our power on the ocean is now challenged by others. The reduction of our Navy has left us weak where we should be strong. I fear, although we have a fine lot of men in our sea services, there are now too few there, and perhaps not enough ships of war to protect the vessels flying the British flag and the lands our forefathers discovered and founded.

That the love of the sea is still inherent is seen by the number of yachts studding the waterways around Britain and the vessels—from small dinghies to three-masted yachts—crowding all the harbours. For I find, in my travels, that there is a boom in the sport throughout the Empire.

In July of 1935 I thought of retiring and starting on a voyage to England in my own yacht viâ Suez, then returning to Australia viâ Panama. I had often dreamt of doing this, but the thought did not take concrete shape until then.

At that time I owned *Utiekah II*, a yacht 43 feet on the water-line, which I had converted in 1929 from a gaff-rigged to a Bermudian cutter. I successfully raced this yacht for years in ocean and harbour races, proved her faster with the latter rig, and in the 1931-32 season secured the Lipton Cup, given for the best record of the season in races of all clubs in Sydney Harbour.

I considered at first making the voyage I speak of in this yacht, as she was a good sea-boat, and many coastal cruises had been made in her, but she had a long coach-roof which was, in my opinion, a source of weakness; on the other hand my ideal vessel for a world cruise was one with flush decks and unbroken beams athwart ship.

THE BIRTH OF "SIRIUS"

Again, the *Utiakah* had little forefoot and would not heave-to, so she was condemned for the purpose.

I then thought of buying a vessel, but the yachts I inspected with a view to purchase were either too slow, antiquated or gaff-rigged and, as I favoured the modern rig with a canoe-stern, I finally decided to build one for the contemplated cruise.

The rig for ocean-cruising was, I felt, a staysail-schooner, as under this rig the sail-area is equally distributed over the vessel and can be reduced by stages. The staying of the mast, too, is simpler than for any other. A schooner also is fair to windward and good with the wind on beam or quarter.

Some say that a yacht going around the world will be mostly in the trades, and so will run with the wind aft, but on our voyage to England we were most of our time close-hauled or with the wind on our beam or quarter.

A yacht that is not good to windward, and with the wind on the beam, is practically limited to long ocean passages in the trades and will be slow and tiresome in such waters as the Malacca Straits, Red and Mediterranean Seas and other parts of the route we took, where winds were variable or against us.

In 1933 I gave Mr. J. D. Thistlethwaite, a naval architect of Sydney, an idea of the type of yacht I wanted, and he submitted various plans, from which I ultimately decided on one and called for tenders.

The contract to build the yacht was eventually given to J. Hayes & Sons, of Careening Cove,

Sydney. This firm had a very good reputation and I never regretted my decision. The contract was signed in September, 1933, and the timber ordered then, but the keel was not laid until February of 1934.

The length of the "Sirius" is 53 feet 6 inches overall, and 44 feet 7 inches on low water level, with a breadth of 13 feet 6 inches.

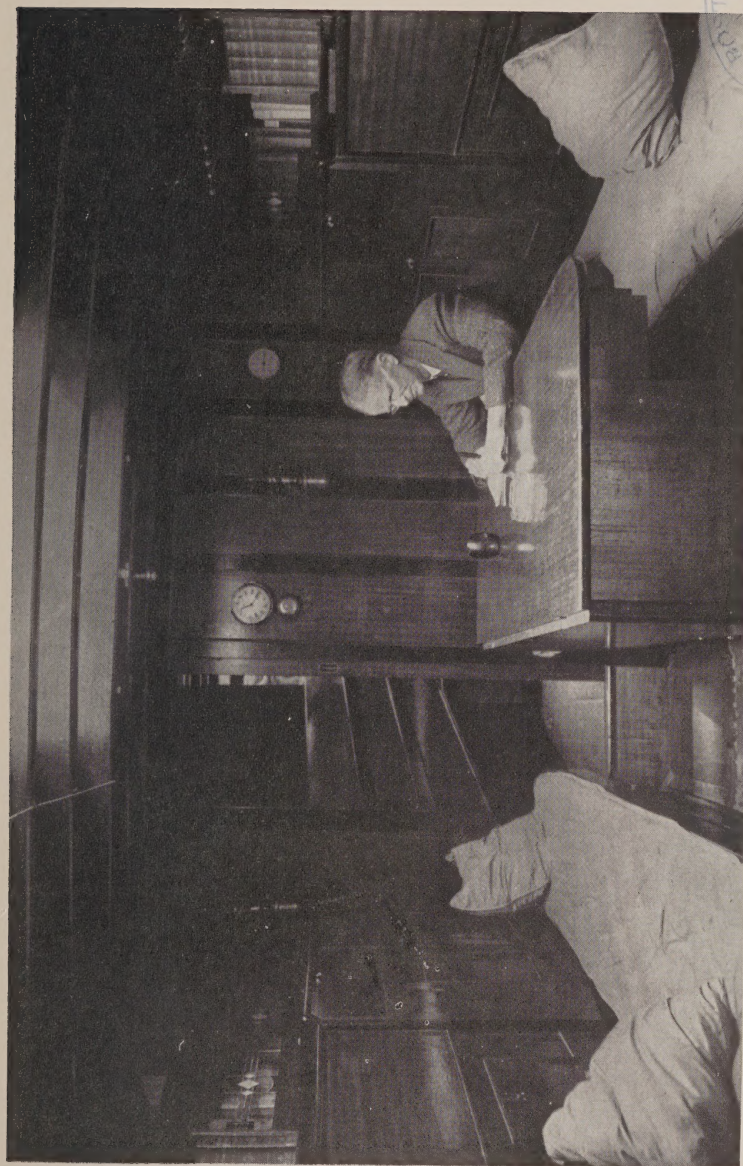
The hull is particularly strong for the scantlings are in excess of Lloyd's requirements. Below the water-line the planking is of the West Australian jarrah. This timber was used owing to its teredo-resisting qualities, whilst above the water-line the planking is of New Zealand kauri. The keel, timbers and deck-beams are all of spotted gum. The grown stem and floors are of ti-tree, a timber well suited for that purpose.

The vessel has splendid deck-space, and the planking is of specially selected New Zealand kauri, dressed smooth, laid to plank sheer, with covering boards and king-plank of Australian red mahogany, which greatly enhances the appearance of the deck.

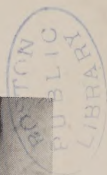
The masts and spars are all of solid Norwegian spruce. The foremast is 59 feet long, the mainmast 64 feet, the boom is 27 feet, the forestaysail boom 13 feet and the mainstaysail boom 14 feet.

I did not include interior fittings in the contract because I had not quite decided upon the layout below. But night after night I went over the plans whilst the hull was under construction, altering the position of the cabins many times and looking at the accommodation from every angle.

The position of the galley gave much thought



THE SALOON OF THE "SIRIUS" LOOKING FORWARD



THE BIRTH OF "SIRIUS"

and I finally decided to place it near the main hatch, in the airiest position, with a large mushroom ventilator over the stove and full headroom of 6 feet 2 inches under beams, so making it comfortable for the cook in the performance of his duties.

The main saloon is 12 feet 3 inches long by the full width of the vessel and with headroom of 6 feet 2 inches also under beams. The table of Queensland Maple has seating accommodation for twelve people, and under it is a large chart-drawer and space for food and crockery. Settees extend the full length of the saloon on either side, and above these are berths with lockers beneath the wardrobes at the after-ends.

Forward of the bunk on the port side is a linen-cupboard, a radio and bookcase; on the starboard side a sideboard, bookcase and glass-rack. Forward of the saloon is a two-berth cabin fitted with cupboards, lockers and a settee, and under one of these berths we stow our trysail.

Aft of the saloon, on the starboard side, is my cabin, fitted with a berth, settee, wardrobe and lockers.

Under all these settees are lockers for storage purposes.

On the port side of the saloon and alongside my cabin is a passage-way to the main companion ladder. Between this passage-way and the vessel's side are placed the lavatory and galley. The passage leads into the engine-room, and in addition to this entrance there is a ladder leading from the engine-room to the after-deck at the fore end of the cockpit.

N O R T H W A R D H O !

The engine-room is spacious enough for one to be able to walk all round the engine. On the port side of this room is fitted a berth, wardrobe and lockers, and on the starboard side a bench with vice, cupboards, drawers for tools, lamp-racks and flags.

The fuel for the engine is contained in a copper tank on deck, and this tank is enclosed in a teak case, whilst the covers of the engine-room hatch slide over it. This tank will hold 50 gallons of petrol.

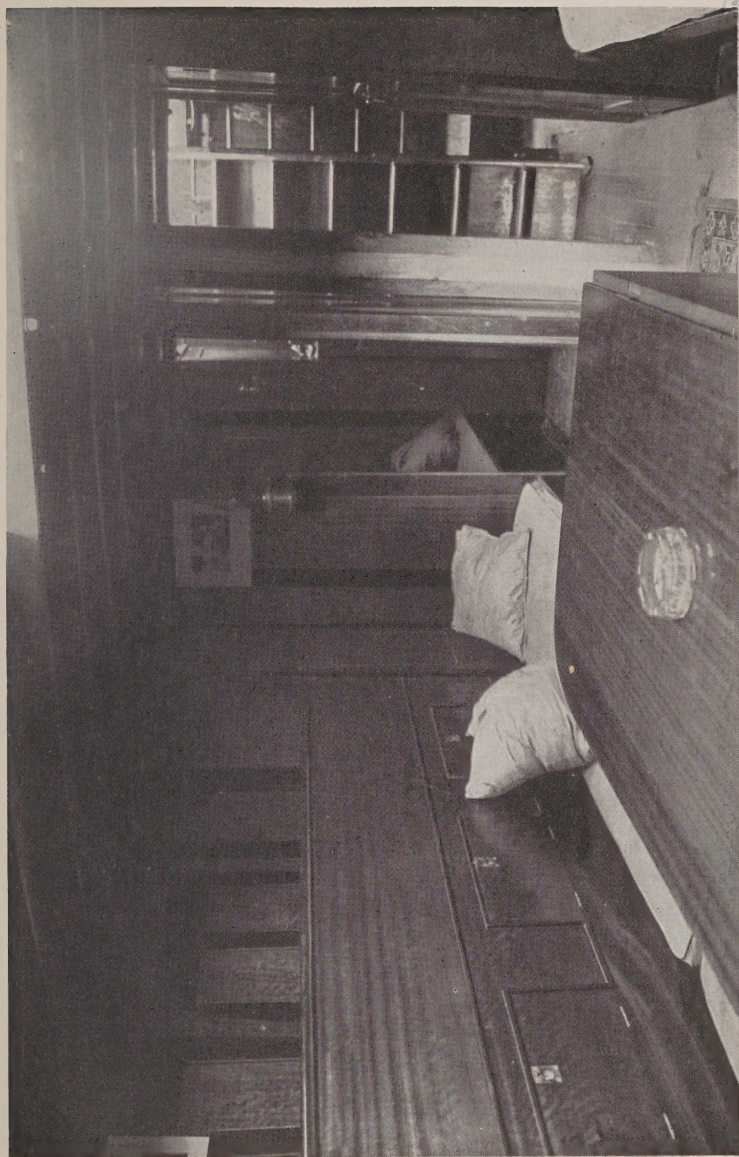
The interior fittings are of Queensland maple and West Australian jarrah.

The roof of the cabin and the whole of the interior is varnished, so showing the beautiful grain of the Australian timbers used in the construction of the yacht.

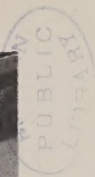
We had also a very good wireless set aboard. This was given me by the members of the Wine & Spirit Association of New South Wales, of which I was Vice-President before leaving Sydney. We were therefore always able to get some stations during the voyage, and also obtain time-signals by which we checked our chronometer.

Aft of the engine room is a store-room for spare gear. Forward of the two-berth cabin is a fore-castle where sails are stored. Spare sails are best stored forward, especially extras, as they are then nearest to the position at which they are to be set and so have not to be dragged along the deck.

The yacht is fitted with screw steering-gear, the wheel being at the after end of the cockpit. An emergency tiller is also carried but has never been used.



THE SALOON OF THE "SIRIUS" LOOKING AFT



THE BIRTH OF "SIRIUS"

The engine is an 18 horse-power Jersey City Standard, used mainly for handling purposes in rivers and harbours. But as most of the travelling was to be done under sail I fitted a mangun-type propellor. This type was adopted owing to its adaptability for housing in the deadwood when not in use, thus preventing drag.

The sail-area gave me a lot of thought. I endeavoured to get a maximum of head-sail as these are so important in windward work. I firmly believe that headsails are equal to twice the same area of mainsail when close hauled. One has only to drop the headsails to notice the vast difference in speed.

The normal sail-area is about 1,600 square feet. We also carried a spinnaker of 1,000 square feet for light winds and another of 400 square feet for a strong breeze. The latter sail was also used as a balooner.

When deciding upon a world's cruise, I had in view two of my sons for crew. The younger, Dick, gladly welcomed the chance of seeing the world and at my suggestion studied navigation with a view to obtaining a yacht master's certificate. In October, 1933, he sat for that examination and passed brilliantly. My eldest son, Harold, later decided to come also, and I had confidence in both for they had sailed with me in other yachts from boyhood.

About four months before our departure Mr. A. H. Russell, of Melbourne, hearing I wanted a fourth member for my crew, suggested his son Clive who was jackerooing on a station in Queensland at the time.

Although Clive Russell was not a yachtsman I judged that he would quickly learn enough to make a good hand, for sailing day and night, and living aboard with us, he should learn more quickly than the average week-end yachtsman. As a fact, he learned to steer quite well and was always willing, but, through lack of experience and a sea-sense, would carry on a course given him, when sudden circumstances and conditions called for a change. Furthermore, the responsibility of steering alone at night affected his nerves till he would wake at night in his cabin and flash his torch about looking for the compass, thinking he was still steering. Owing to this nerve-strain he left us at Colombo.

I decided to travel *viâ* the Suez Canal because by that route we should see more of the world; though, of course, the route round the Cape would have been easier in that we should have been in the trades most of the time, whilst *viâ* Suez we should not only lose the trades to some extent but also have head-winds most of the way from Aden to England.

Whilst the yacht was under construction I frequently called at the building shed to see how the work was progressing, when the Hayes would knock off to go into various details connected with the work. They were never in a hurry to resume work again, but would make up for the time off by working till late in the day. They never hurried over the job and took a craftsman's pride in doing their work well. They even spent their week-ends on the job and would probably have slept there but for their wives.



THE CREW
R. W. NOSSITER, C. K. RUSSELL, H. C. NOSSITER, HAROLD NOSSITER.

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THE BIRTH OF "SIRIUS"

The launching was successfully accomplished on the 6th February, 1935, and in the presence of about 300 spectators, but the deck erections had to be fitted after the launch, as the shed was not high enough to do this beneath it. The masts and rigging had, of course, to be erected when she was in the water, so that I was unable to get delivery before April, therefore, as time was short, it was only possible to make two short coastal cruises to try her out before leaving Sydney.

CHAPTER II

THE PACIFIC TO RABAU, NEW BRITAIN

At the gateways of the day.
To burst all links of habit
Then to wander, far away
From island unto island

I SHALL never forget the days prior to our departure for it was a very busy time. All the stores and gear had to be taken aboard and stowed. There were also happy farewell parties by day and night, and at least two dinners given by the yacht clubs.

The time and day fixed for our departure was 11 a.m. on the 14th July, 1935, and it turned out a bright winter's day with a westerly wind blowing.

Our home is by the harbour and the grounds are terraced to the water's edge. These were thronged by friends assembled to bid us farewell, whilst around the "Sirius" as she lay in the bay were many craft awaiting our departure.

We had been delayed by picture-show representatives and reporters during the morning, so had to bid a hurried goodbye to friends ashore, and particularly as I did not want to keep waiting the various craft assembled in the bay to bid us good luck.

We left our Northwood moorings at 11.25 a.m. and were accompanied down the Lane Cove River

to the harbour by many yachts, whilst along the shores people waved farewell.

The last of our escort turned back when clear of the harbour, and, with all sail set to the fresh land breeze, we sailed alone out upon the sea that was to be our home for many a long day. We quickly settled down, had our first meal at sea, and did well with the westerly wind on our beam. In fact, when passing Newcastle, at 11 p.m., it was blowing at force 7.

Under it the yacht was bowling along at eight knots, and we were just congratulating ourselves on having such a good wind at the commencement of the voyage, when a leak was discovered above the water-line at the stern. This looked serious and certainly required attention, so I decided to anchor in Fly Roads near Port Stephens, and at four a.m. we dropped anchor in 10 fathoms and paid out thirty-five fathoms of chain.

At daylight we commenced the unpleasant task of taking all our carefully stowed gear out of the store-room aft and caulking inside where the water had been coming in when the yacht heeled well over to starboard. We at the same time erected a permanent gallows at the stern of the boom, which eventually proved a great success.

We weighed again at eleven a.m. and continued on our way. But the hoisting of the anchor and thirty-five fathoms of half-inch chain from a depth of ten fathoms of water was heavy work, and our first experience of weighing anchor at sea. The winch was new and stiff, but later on we were able to handle our ground-tackle with ease.

Passing Seal Rocks lighthouse we signalled

"All's well," which we later discovered was reported in the newspapers in Sydney. The wind was now light but still fair, and, although we had not made the progress we anticipated, we were quite happy. It was unfortunate however that it had been necessary to stop at Fly Roads and so lose a fair breeze.

On the morning of the third day out we encountered a strong north-east wind and had to reduce sail. It blew harder in the afternoon and as the wind was ahead, and I wished to see how the "Sirius" would heave-to, I tried her with the main-staysail, the lashing of the wheel, and let her look after herself. It was then very pleasing to see how well she rose and fell with the seas. We were in consequence quite comfortable and no water came aboard. She lay about five points off the wind, so making a slight lee drift. At six-thirty p.m. we set sail again to a light breeze and confused sea.

That night Russell was on watch, during which the wind suddenly freshened, and it was amusing to see the quickness with which three heads popped out of different hatches to make sure that things were all right, for, owing to his inexperience, we had to be on the alert to any change of wind when he was steering.

During the first few days there were many odd jobs to be done. First we rigged lifelines, with a two-and-a-half manilla rope, from the bow to the main shrouds and lashed two spare spars from the shrouds to the gallows aft. This made a handy rail on each side of the cockpit, and something



(Upper) SIRIUS AT MOORINGS ON MORNING OF DEPARTURE
(Lower) SIRIUS SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING MOORINGS

BOSTON
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substantial to hang on to. Later we erected stations and rigged lifelines made of wire rope all round the deck.

As the leak from the stern still caused trouble I decided to put into Clarence River and so signalled for the pilot, who asked us to follow him into the harbour whilst he went ahead in his tug. It was dusk as we made our way to Yamba, a town near the entrance, and the pilot took a very sharp turn which we were unable to see in the dark; the consequence being that the yacht touched bottom, though, fortunately, it was only on soft mud and we were soon afloat again. He then placed one of his men on board, who promptly ran us aground again through taking the wrong side of the buoy, though remarking, just before we grounded, that there would be enough water for us there. As the tide rose we floated off again and eventually reached Yamba without further mishap.

A shipwright named Black caulked what seemed to be the leak from the inside, but we found later that water still came in. Ultimately we discovered that the leak occurred from the flange of the rudder-tube, which was partly fixed later at Rabaul, and finally attended to when we hauled up on a slip at Penang.

Whilst the work was being done we rambled around Yamba which is a summer resort, and a Major and Mrs. Huxtable, who were staying here, came aboard, and these were our first visitors since leaving Sydney.

Later three young adventurers from a small Sydney yacht, the "While away," visited us and

said they were on their way to New Guinea. Their boat did not seem to be at all suited for such a voyage, but it had a powerful engine which I think they very much relied upon.

We left again at 9 a.m. on the 20th July, but made little headway in the face of some heavy squalls, with rain, from all points of the compass.

Next morning the s.s. "Carlisle" passed us heading north. She saluted by firing a gun and sounding her siren, which compliment we returned with our rifles. It was a kindly thought and it cheered us considerably.

We passed Cape Byron at nine forty-five a.m., and the lighthouse keeper, whom we knew, signalled, "are you going to anchor here?" We replied in the negative and he wished us "good voyage." We now had a good south-west wind and were bowling along under full sail. Our last farewell was at Tweed Heads where the signal station wished us "good voyage," and we dipped our ensign in reply.

I had meant to put into Brisbane to have the leak attended to, but as we still had a fair wind I decided to carry on to Rabaul. On the 22nd July I tried a square sail that was given to me before leaving Sydney, but the "Sirius" rolled so much that I decided to lower it. I then set the mainsail which steadied her, and at Rabaul I converted this sail to an awning.

We now gradually left the coast and on the next day saw the outline of Australia grow dim in the distance, until finally we were out of sight of land and alone on the Pacific.

THE PACIFIC TO RABAUL

At this point a more regular routine of work commenced. A constant look-out had to be kept for chafe, the demon of deep-sea sailing. We were now in the south-east monsoon and it was a joy to steer before a good following wind with all working sails and the spinnaker set.

The following are brief records of the day we passed out of sight of land.

Extract from log and diary of happenings at sea for twenty-four hours from five a.m. on 23rd July, 1935.

5 a.m.—My watch. Light southerly wind.

7.30 a.m.—Call crew to hoist mainsail which had been lowered during night as the wind was too light to set the sail without the boom swinging from side to side.

7.45 a.m.—Crew scrubbed decks.

8 a.m.—Harold serves breakfast consisting of porridge, eggs, Australian damper made of flour and water and baking powder. Jam and honey. (Supply of butter exhausted.) Competition between Dick and Russell as to who could eat the most.

8.30 a.m.—Russell won by a slice of bread. Dick takes a sight.

9 a.m.—Barometer 30.17. Wind increasing. Although near the tropics the wind is still cool, greatly to the disappointment of crew who wanted to sun-bake. Dick took his shirt off for the first time since leaving Sydney, but quickly put it on again. Harold would not take a risk.

9.40 a.m.—Harold washed his face in fresh water but I told him not to do it again as there was plenty of water in the sea.

NORTHWARD HO!

9.45 a.m.—Set spinnaker which helped us quite a lot.

10.15 a.m.—Russell is steering. I am doing odd jobs. Dick is cleaning and polishing engine. Harold's making damper, is trying more baking powder this time and not baking it so long, as Dick broke the bread knife slicing the bread this morning. On the 20th we had nailed to the bowsprit a tunny's tail that was presented to us by Mr. Andreas before leaving Sydney. We have had fair winds since the tunny's tail adorned the bowsprit. To-day the tail shifted a little and had to be straightened. The idea is the spirit of the dead fish strives to get home again and brings fair winds to the ship.

11.30 a.m.—Dick took a sight of sun.

12 noon.—Noon position $25^{\circ} 23.5' S.$, $153^{\circ} 41.5' E.$
Distance made good noon to noon 79 miles.

1 p.m.—Lunch consisting of a fish Dick caught on his spinner. Bread, butter and jam. Dick ate more than Russell.

2 p.m.—I steered while crew read and wrote letters to the girls they had left behind. Had to adjust sails as wind changed a little.

3 p.m.—Argument between Dick and Russell *re* human voice. Russell contending it had no beauty or charm, Dick disagreeing, Harold umpiring. Russell claimed a point when Harold gave a demonstration by singing the Prisoner's song. Dick allowed the point, though Harold as umpire was not in accord.

3.50 p.m.—Crew abused the spinnaker and mainsail for throwing a shade over where they had

been basking in the sun and asked me to jybe.

4 p.m.—Harold steering. Russell and Dick still arguing about the human voice. I tried to create a diversion by asking them to have a tot of rum, unconsciously giving Dick a point which he claimed and Russell conceded.

4.30 p.m.—Dick steering. Light wind. Harold goes below to prepare dinner. There are rather big following seas but the wind is steady and we sail on leaving Australia behind—the country of our birth—to circle the globe before we return. Shall we all return? There are many dangers and difficulties to contend with such as collisions, fogs, lee shores, storms, cyclones, accidents, treacherous currents, sudden squalls and falling overboard. The last named in my opinion is an ever-present danger for, with a small crew, only one hand can be spared on deck at night, and there is no hope for him if he goes over the side. Again, some may not be able to stand up to the hardships, or may not have the temperament to stick it.

4.45 p.m.—Lowered spinnaker and jybed. The wind had shifted a little, as it generally does towards dusk.

5.30 p.m.—Light wind.

Whilst on deck Harold's familiar cry of "Come and get it," came to our ears; interpreted means: "Dinner is ready."

Irish stew, then plum pudding with sauce followed by damper, or shall I call it bread? Honey and jam. Russell ate more than Dick

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this time, but made a raid on the cooking soda a few hours later.

We had our first dinner in the cockpit to-day. It is pleasant there before dusk as we can all dine together and the man steering can join in the meal. We talked after the meal until darkness gathered on and night came.

6.30 p.m.—I am steering, Russell and Dick washing up. Harold at the radio.

7 p.m.—Russell steering — night with clouds gathering on the horizon, wind increasing slightly with rising sea. Porpoises sporting around the yacht. Sea birds leaving us as we go further from land with the sky becoming overcast, but still countless stars shining upon us, whilst the yacht sails on the troubled waters to the land of our forefathers.

24th July, 1935—

1.42 a.m.—Wind increased considerably and blew with force 7.

2.30 a.m.—Wind fell lighter but ominous clouds in the sky blotted out the stars.

4.30 a.m.—Hard wind and rain squall with a nasty sea, force 9.

5 a.m.—Whilst steering I noticed heavy clouds approaching and called the crew to reduce sail and lowered the mainsail in a very hard squall of wind and rain.

All this day and night we ran on under the two lower staysails only, with a wind of gale force and a heavy sea. She sailed quite well before the wind under these two sails and steered herself with the wheel lashed.

THE PACIFIC TO RABAU

Next day, as the wind had moderated, we set all sail again and passed into the tropics. The weather was still cold, but we found it grew warmer every day and the crew daily discarded clothing until they were naked except for a pair of shorts. Flying fish, which were good eating, now occasionally came on board and one night a sea-bird with a greenish beak flew on to the end of the boom and rested there till morning, in spite of the rolling of the vessel.

The monsoon in this part of the ocean blew all day between forces 4 and 6, but unfortunately fell away often at night, and to avoid the mainsail flogging with the rolling of the yacht in the light airs, I would lower it, unless the wind was of sufficient force for us to sail steadily. By doing this we reduced our speed but saved the gear, and in any case always retained the two staysails.

The sea was much greater on this part of the voyage than the strength of wind seemed to warrant from my experience of other parts of the Pacific.

On the 30th July we made our first landfall and the navigator was pleased because it corresponded with his reckoning. This was Rossel Island of the Louisiade Archipelago, and viewed from the yacht looked picturesque. It rises gradually from the sea and terminates in sharp, high pointed peaks. Other parts rise sheer from the water and the whole island is densely wooded.

We had intended landing here, but had only a small scale chart and could not see the entrance through the coral reefs mentioned in the sailing

directions, so, as there was a fair sea running, I decided it would be taking too great a risk to attempt the entry. We were all disappointed but thought it better in the circumstances to carry on to Rabaul.

As we approached the equator we experienced less settled weather, encountering thunderstorms, rain and squalls at times, during which we often had to lower the mainsail. Some of these squalls came up quite suddenly, but we were always ready for them.

The woodwork of the yacht swelled with the rain and moist heat. Cupboard doors had to be planed to allow them to close; the glue squeezed out of the seams in the deck-planking and the putty out of the sides of the yacht.

We now dined in the cockpit, and at about 5.30 p.m., just before dark. At this stage it was very pleasant lying about after dinner with a cool breeze blowing, under the moon and stars, whilst the swish of water against the sides made a musical accompaniment to our thoughts.

Coming through St. George's Channel we passed a number of logs and whole trees drifting with the current, but to have struck one of these at night would have been disastrous for a small vessel. We escaped trouble, however, and were treated to a light wind on the last two days before reaching Rabaul, though it freshened on the evening of August 4th.

We entered Rabaul harbour that night, and were puzzled to see two red lights which were not shown on the chart, or in the sailing directions. I found later that they were leading lights that had

THE PACIFIC TO RABAU

only been placed a few weeks before to guide craft clear of two remarkable, white rocks in the centre of the harbour. We picked up the red light on the Government jetty which was in order, but in view of the others I decided not to go too far into the harbour, so dropped anchor about a mile from the jetty.

We were surprised when we turned out next morning to see the paint on the dinghy turned to a light brown colour and also the life-buoys, but learnt later that it was due to sulphur from a volcano near by which affects paint with lead in its composition. The topsides of the yacht escaped as they were covered with a paint which evidently did not contain lead.

An unpleasant smell, too, which we thought might have come from some malaria-infected swamp made us move our moorings closer to the town, but we learnt later that the odour also came from the volcano.

Dr. Hoskins, the Port doctor, soon cleared the yacht and very kindly invited us all to his house for dinner that night, so we enjoyed a very good meal: a pleasant change from the yacht fare.

The male natives here wear no clothing above the waist but a cloth wrapped round the thighs called a lap-lap. The Government will not allow them to wear shirts except in certain circumstances, and it is a very wise regulation for they are better without them in this tropical heat. The women however, are made to wear a blouse when in the town, and it is generally so filthy that they would probably be far better without it. The

native villages we saw also generally appeared to be very dirty.

Apparently the missionaries were not liked by the planters, who complained of unfair competition, because the former were able to under-sell by reason of cheaper labour. The mission stations may be of some use, but I think the missionaries should not be allowed to interfere with the native as much as they do. They apparently try to teach him things we ourselves often find hard to understand. I feel that these well-meaning folk would be better employed in our city slums.

Planters here often find it hard to obtain labour, as the "civilized" native does not like hard work, in consequence plantation workers are generally recruited from the wild tribes in the interior. Recruiters go out and bring them in to the plantations, receiving about £8 for each native, who in turn signs a contract.

One planter told me that he preferred natives from the interior to those living near the coast because they were more honest, the trouble being that the coastal natives acquired all the vices of the white man without his so-called virtues.

Many of these natives carry strapped to the arm a plaited bag in which is kept the beetle nut, whilst their lips and gums are quite red through chewing this narcotic. The dose consists of a piece of the nut rolled in a leaf with a little lime. I have seen this nut used by many natives throughout the East, and I believe cancer is attributed to its use.

Like the African the natives here also have means of bush telegraphy. One settler told me

that his native servant has already informed him of our approach to the island two days before we arrived, and that events occurring in other parts of the land have been known to the natives here some time before being officially reported to the Government.

Many of the coastal natives here came from the interior and were cannibals and head-hunters only a few years ago.

The Chinese also seem to be gradually getting a footing here, as they have in other parts of the Pacific; in fact we had some white kit made by them on the day we arrived.

The coinage in Rabaul is Australian, but tobacco-sticks are also currency in the market, their value being somewhere about threepence. The same tobacco-sticks would be bartered over and over again until finally smoked by the native.

We found the white population rather pale, no doubt due to this enervating climate. In any case the tanned complexion is absent here. My own crew even lost quite a lot of the tan they had acquired during the earlier portion of the voyage in cooler latitudes.

Whilst lunching on board at Rabaul Dick found a scorpion on his plate. This must have come on board with some pineapples we were eating at the time. It created quite a stir and we naturally looked closely at our dessert in future.

On the 8th August the "Oronsay" arrived with a party of tourists, and horse-races were held at the beautifully-situated racecourse at the foot of a mountain. After the races about two to three

hundred natives dressed in full war - paint danced and chanted to the edification of the white population, including the tourists.

On the following day we took a party including the Governor, Brigadier-General McNichol, and Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins, for a sail in "Sirius," and at night we were invited to dine with the Governor and spent an enjoyable evening. Government House is charmingly situated on a hill overlooking the town and spacious harbour. It is a low, white structure with large, airy rooms and balconies, well suited to the climate.

The buildings in the town are all on the same plan and there is no congestion. The streets are wide and lined with trees, so that one can walk in the shade.

Some years ago a young man I knew went to Rabaul and wandered over New Guinea. He did well at first in the goldfields and then drifted, losing job after job till each was lower in the scale of labour, and finally became notorious for fighting and drunken brawls wherever he went.

He had left a girl behind who looked forward to hearing that he was making a fortune in New Guinea and would soon return to marry her. He wrote frequently at first, with glowing accounts of his successes, then the letters grew less and less until they ceased altogether. The girl then asked men she knew in New Guinea of tidings of her lover, but those who knew of his downward path had not the heart to tell her. She is probably still seeking word of him, whilst all the time he has gone native and lives as one of the islanders, drinking when he has the money to buy liquor. I

heard that he was, at one time, connected with a gang which forced natives to sign labour contracts for service on plantations.

It is in places like New Guinea, on the outskirts of civilization, that one occasionally finds such men who would be different in normal surroundings, but drift like a rudderless vessel when they have no real purpose to guide them on life's way.

CHAPTER III

RABAUŁ TO BUTON

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

AT eleven a.m. on the 10th August we weighed anchor and sailed out of the land-locked harbour of Rabaul, loaded with gifts of fruit from a number of the residents.

We intended calling at some place on the north coast of New Guinea, but were rather vague as to which port it should be.

As we sailed around the north coast of New Britain there came into view cocoanut plantations, native villages and sandy beaches with green foliage coming to the water's edge. So we journeyed for days in a perfectly calm sea, drifting along mostly as there was little wind, excepting for an occasional squall of short duration. I was at last beginning to think we would never accomplish our trip of some thousand miles round New Guinea before the end of the south-east monsoon, when, on the 16th August, after being becalmed nearly all the morning, we experienced a light breeze we did not expect from the south-east. It increased in force late in the afternoon and blew all night. We were in consequence able to average, for six hours during the night, about

eight and a half knots. It then blew hard for two more days and brought our daily run to more cheering figures.

We then decided to call in at Tenah Merah Bay, a native village in Dutch New Guinea, as we wanted to see the New Guinea native in his natural state, and arrived there on the morning of the 19th August. On entering the harbour we passed picturesque native canoes, some with small sails, which appeared to be made of fibre. They were all loaded with a number of pronged spears of different lengths which we found were used for spearing fish. Later we moored off a beach lined with native huts set amongst leaning cocoanut palms, and had no sooner dropped anchor when canoes began to swarm round us. They were of many different types, some with outriggers and all with ornamental bows. Many were loaded with fish, others with fruit, and we had an amusing time bartering for food and endeavouring to make ourselves understood by signs and pidgin English. These people were all very natural and friendly, like a bunch of curious children. But I would have hardly cared to make an enemy of them for they had ugly-looking knives in the bottoms of their canoes and some of the spears looked formidable.

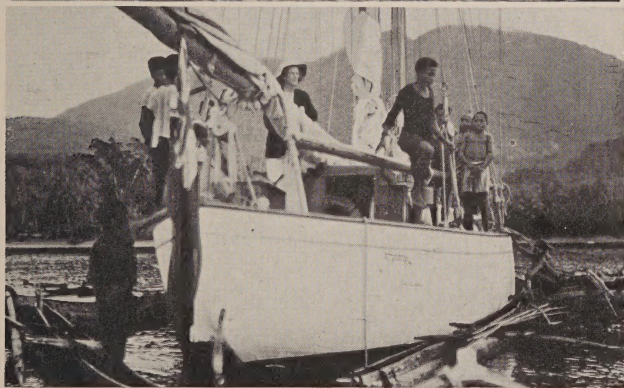
I allowed a few on board but before long scores had climbed over the rail to inspect our sliding hatches and ropes. When the wireless was switched on they all concentrated around the skylights, talking excitedly amongst themselves, but none attempted to go below. Very soon the deck could not be seen for black bodies, so finally

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I was forced to send them off and they went away quite good naturedly and without trouble.

We visited their village in the afternoon and found it to be wonderfully situated. A stream, with beautiful palms and other foliage, ran at the rear of their huts, whilst the front faced the beach. We were followed by the entire male population of whom the children were quite naked and the men not much better clad. Whenever we stopped and turned round they also would stop, and some of the little fellows would take to their heels and run. If we retraced our steps there would be a general stampede to get out of our path and behind us again. Yet, strange to say, they were not timid when they were aboard the yacht. Perhaps they were either afraid of the cameras or of the arms we carried.

A native in a canoe brought me a letter written in Malay and, I afterwards learned it was an invitation to visit the writer, the head of a village some distance away, and saying that he would like us to stay with him. Dick and I eventually asked the native by signs to lead us to the writer of the note and we followed him and his wife in our dinghy for some distance, until he became interested in a fish, which he tried to probe out of a patch of coral with his spear. So we left him wrestling with his anticipated dinner, as it was getting dark, and rowed in the direction he indicated. We soon became hopelessly lost and drifted to another village, where we found some Chinamen smoking in a hut and learned from them, by showing the note, that our correspondent was miles away. By this time night had fallen



(Upper) NATIVE VILLAGE, DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

(Middle and Lower) NATIVE VISITORS, TENAH MERAH BAY, DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

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so we returned to the yacht and found the other members of the crew had bartered some more stick tobacco for fish and fruit. But though some natives still lingered round the yacht I would not allow them aboard after our experience of the afternoon.

The anchor was weighed at eight-fifteen a.m. the following day, but there was little wind and we could only drift out to sea, meeting natives in canoes who came around us and endeavouring to barter fish for lap-laps. We tried them with tobacco, but apparently they were non-smokers.

In the afternoon Harold doubled up with very severe pains. Then one after another of the crew became ill and I could only conclude, from the fact that they had all partaken of a lobster except myself, that the lobster was responsible, especially as it had not been cooked until some time after capture.

The crew were sick all night so I dosed them all round with castor oil. The following day found them unable to eat any food, but from then on they improved and gradually regained appetite.

Shell fish are dangerous things to eat in the tropics unless cooked alive. Fish, too, must be cooked as soon as possible after capture. And whilst on the subject of diet in the tropics I should like to mention that onions should not be kept overnight after they are cooked.

From here we slowly sailed along the New Guinea coast, the current now helping us, but had lightning, tropical rainstorms, and squalls of short duration every night. During the day, too, we had many of these short, tropical downpours

which gave us the opportunity of having fresh-water shower-baths and the catching of water in the hatch-covers which was used for washing clothes. Our supply of ship's water was, of course, limited and only used for cooking and drinking purposes.

The land we passed was hilly and heavily timbered, and we came near to the mouth of the big Mamberamo River on the 21st, running suddenly into the outflow of muddy water with logs and debris. We were then ten miles from the coast, but even at this distance there was a certain amount of danger from these.

Extracts from log and diary of happenings at sea for twenty-four hours from noon the 24th August, 1935:—

24th August, 1935—

Noon.—Position $0^{\circ} 47' S.$, $134^{\circ} 53' E.$ Run 53 miles.

I decided to call at Manokwari, an important Dutch port. A breeze of force 4 is blowing and we should reach the port to-night. There is a current setting us to about W.N.W. at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. At dusk last night Noemfoor Island could just be seen about 30 miles away and this morning the island was only 8 miles ahead. We drifted this distance during the night as there was not a breath of wind. Lowered balloon and set jib.

2 p.m.—Crew pleased at the prospect of landing to-night and are looking up their shore clothes.

2.30 p.m.—Wind dropping, so are the spirits of the crew, who were expecting to land about dusk.

6.15 p.m.—Lowered mainsail as there is very little

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wind and no prospect of reaching Manokwari before dawn.

6.45 p.m.—Lowered jib and topsail to reduce way as with current might pass port during night.

8.45 p.m.—Wind dropped altogether, not a breath of air. Lowered the two staysails.

9.30 p.m.—Blackest night I have ever seen, water ominously smooth, air still as death; still we move on, birds seen flying low over the water.

10 p.m.—Flashes of lightning in the distance now breaks the darkness, illuminating the high mountains behind the coast yet leaving us alone and no thunder greets the ear. Some weird force seems to move us forward as no sails are set and we drift straight on our course.

12 midnight.—Inky black clouds are gathered and advancing menacingly towards us, still no wind and the air heavy as though laden with moisture. Water seems alight with phosphorous.

25th August, 1935—

12.30 a.m.—Very slight breeze. Set mainstaysail in readiness for a blow.

1.30 a.m.—Wind refreshing, double-reefed mainsail and set forestaysail.

2.30 a.m.—Wind dropped. Electric storm all around us as though the whole firmament was alight. No thunder at first but distant rumblings soon heard growing louder as the storm approaches us, in a blaze of lightning.

4 a.m.—Barometer 29.98. Storm subsiding but dense black treacherous-looking clouds coming from the east.

RABAU TO BUTON

- 6.15 a.m.—Visibility very bad. Hard to make out headlands.
- 6.25 a.m.—Started engine to reach port before storm, thinking the port was only a few miles away.
- 6.50 a.m.—Stopped engine as terrific rain and wind-storm struck the yacht, driving us along at a great pace. We could not see more than 40 yards ahead. As usual we all stripped when the rain came and it fell on our bodies as though in a shower bath. The visibility grew worse and the wind increased, so I steered from the land to make sure of not going ashore, as we were doubtful of our position owing to the strong currents we had been experiencing, and not being able to take sights. I strained my eyes trying to peer through the impenetrable veil of rain, whilst water poured from the sails which formed a catchment area, at the angle the yacht was lying. Woe to us had there been a vessel in the vicinity, as we should not have seen her before she would have been on top of us. I steered still further from the land as the wind blew harder, for there was no knowing where the treacherous currents had borne us during the night and this morning.
- 9.10 a.m.—After running before the wind for over two hours, the storm suddenly subsided and I saw land a mile ahead on our port bow.
- 9.30 a.m.—We discovered that the current had borne us swiftly to the north during the night and that the island we could see ahead was Tanjong Memori. We were about 10 miles past our destination. It would mean tacking

against a head wind to go to Manokwari and, as I never like going back, I decided to carry on, especially as fate seemed against our calling at this port. Had I not allowed for the current we would have been wrecked on this shore as we were only a few miles from the land when the sky cleared.

Shook out reefs.

11.15 a.m.—Set topsail.

11.30 a.m.—Barometer 30.02. Sad hearts aboard at not landing, but all had a good bath in the rain and washed their clothes. It's an ill wind that blows no man good.

12 noon.—Noon position $0^{\circ} 40' S.$, $133^{\circ} 59' E.$

On the 27th August, after many calms, fair and head-winds we passed Cape of Good Hope, the most northern point of New Guinea, set a course for Dampier Strait, and at three-fifteen p.m. the next day were in the Strait with a head-wind which fell away, so we ran the engine to get through this dangerous spot before darkness set in.

About five p.m. we passed Jerief Island. It was a pretty sight, lying very low, covered with an abundance of cocoanut palms and shrubs, with several native huts standing almost on a beautiful beach of golden sand. On the shores of Batanta Island, the large island to the southward, we could see native huts built out of the water on poles, whilst behind were high mountains with their peaks covered in cloud.

After passing Kofiau Island, on the morning of the 29th August, we ran from smooth water into several strong tide-rips, patches of confused,

broken water which made the yacht pitch about in an uncomfortable manner. We were quite unable to account for this disturbance as the chart showed very deep water with little variation in depth.

The afternoon of the 31st August found us becalmed off the north-west coast of Serang, and late in the evening a warm wind sprang up, blowing from the land. It brought with it the heavy perfume of tropical flowers of the Spice Islands about which nations fought many years ago. The wind increased all night and by morning was blowing at gale force from south south-east.

I had thought of calling at Amboina, but this would now have meant a thrash to windward, against the gale, and with a nasty, lumpy sea, I decided therefore to visit Buton instead, an island off the south-east coast of the Celebes. This also meant that we would have a fair wind.

On the 2nd September, and whilst we were becalmed off the north-western point of Buru Island, two large sharks cruised around our stern headed by their pilot-fish. These pilot-fish were blue and white striped and must have been about a foot long. It was interesting to watch their movements; one swam on either side of the shark, almost touching it, while a smaller fish swam close in front of the shark's head. I have often watched the movements of these pilots and have observed that the shark will never take food until the pilot is satisfied that everything is in order. One of the crew shot at the sharks with his rifle, but they were some distance under water and in consequence the shots had little or no effect.

RABAU TO BUTON

A breeze came in from the south-east during the afternoon, and by the following morning was blowing at gale-force, so I had the mainsail double reefed. During the night something like seventy flying fish came aboard and piled themselves up against the lee rail. They were so small that some fell through the scuppers, but were good eating, and we had fish on the menu for three meals.

At about eight that morning we were abeam of Wangi Wangi Island light with a dying wind which, however, carried us next morning to the entrance of the Massiri Strait, between three islands and the south-western coast of Buton. Here I sent one of the crew aloft and with his assistance motored through the passage. At two-thirty p.m. that day, 4th September, the anchor was dropped in a sheltered bay off Buton.

This was scarcely done when some canoes came out to us for clothes to wash and we gave the occupants a good supply. After they had counted them they endeavoured to sell us pearls, carefully packed in cotton-wool-lined matchboxes, but we were not in gambling mood and declined.

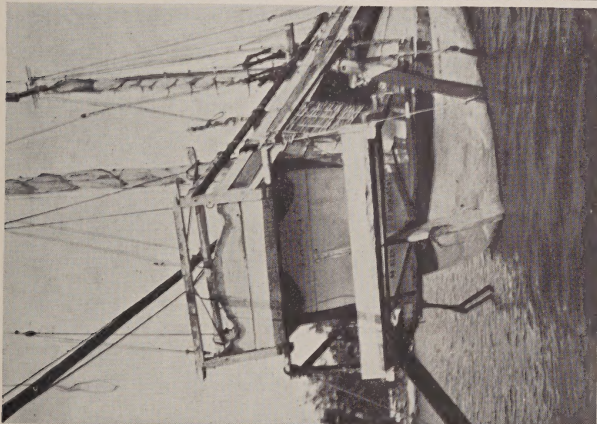
We then hoisted the yellow pratique flag but as nobody appeared to notice it we went ashore without and searched for a port official. An old chap on the pebbly beach spoke in broken English and by its aid and much gesticulation we discovered that the Harbour Master had gone for a day's shooting and would not be back until after dark.

So we wandered through the streets of this clean Dutch Colony, followed by a crowd of sarong-clad Malays and a few Chinamen. And as we strolled

about one or two of those following would run ahead and hold in front of our eyes a number of pearls or a curio. The whole town had that indescribable Eastern smell one meets with in China, not exactly unpleasant but by no means a perfume. At night this odour would be wafted across to us on the gentle land-breeze, accompanied by the banging of some native instrument and the sound of voices.

We also visited the market and different shops endeavouring to purchase fresh food, but when the shopkeepers saw our Australian money they shook their heads and produced Dutch coins. The following crowd gradually dwindled, leaving but one bright youngster, who seemed to have elected himself our guide, and when it was time for the Harbour Master to return our guide took us to a jetty where we met the officer in question. He could speak a little English and informed us that pratique was not required, also that there would not be any dues to pay. We then told him of our trouble about changing Australian money and he suggested that we should see the Resident in the morning.

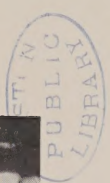
Next morning we called on the Resident, M. Monor de Froideville. He informed us that as there were no banks he could not change our money but kindly offered to lend me what we required, which he suggested I could post back to him from our next port. I then mentioned a small amount that would see us through and this he gave me. We then adjourned, at his invitation, to his home for cocktails and there met his wife. Unfortunately he was leaving for Macassar that



A BUTON TRADING VESSEL



OUR GUIDE IN BUTON



morning and I was sorry for this as I was not able to see him again.

Before he left he introduced me to the Sultan, who could not speak English. The Sultan had several palaces here and apparently the Dutch allow him to rule his people in his own way with certain exceptions.

We also visited the market, where we were fortunate enough to discover an Indian who could speak English. He escorted us round the town and helped us buy our provisions, also persuading a Chinese shopkeeper to change some Australian notes by showing him a newspaper from Macassar and quoting the exchange rates. We had, by this time, spent the guilders the Resident had lent me, but our Australian shillings now were in great demand by the natives and we found, too, that we could get more than their value in Dutch money because they were wanted for making necklaces and other ornaments.

Our shopping finished, we inspected some weird looking craft with high poop-sterns in the style of the vessels of Elizabethan days. They were gaff rigged with two masts and had slab-footed sails made of very light material.

Our boy-escort of yesterday accompanied us everywhere. With many gestures, and tugs at our sleeves, he now guided us along a road and through a short stretch of jungle where we saw a few monkeys that scampered away at our approach and finally to the ruins of an old castle at the top of a hill. We explored this then followed him along a track through trees and twisting vines to emerge upon the banks of a running

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stream where women were washing clothes. Finally we forded the shallow water and eventually found our way back to the town.

We spent three pleasant days at Buton and, as we were preparing to leave, Madame de Froideville came aboard with another lady and an officer. The last-named made us a friendly present of some venison cut from a deer he had shot the previous day.

CHAPTER IV

FLORES SEA TO KOMODO

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

—“*The Secret of the Sea*,” Longfellow.

WE weighed anchor at ten-forty a.m. on 7th September, bound for Komodo. The sea was calm and the wind light under the shelter of the land, but as the day wore on the latter went to the south and freshened. The sky too was clear so we found sailing pleasant after the change ashore. It is always the same! Just as one welcomes a port after a long spell at sea, so is the sea welcomed after a stay ashore.

That evening we had the venison for dinner and enjoyed it immensely.

For the next two days the wind was from east or south-east, but after this we experienced light, variable airs and calms until we arrived at Komodo on the 10th September. During one of these calms our sights showed us that we had covered only twelve miles during a day's run.

The chart showed three bays on the north of Komodo, but as we could not identify them I sent two of the crew ahead in the dinghy to take soundings and finally dropped anchor at six-fifteen p.m. in deep water; taking the precaution to buoy the

anchor, as, from the appearance of the jagged headlands, it looked as though the bottom would be rocky.

The land here, looked at from the sea, seemed very forbidding; jagged mountains rose into sharp peaks and the place had a wild appearance. The hills were brown with sun-parched grass; no green met the eye, and one could hardly imagine any life ashore. Yet there is an abundance of deer and wild pig, and it is here that the twelve-foot dragon lizards, *varanus komodoensis*, are found.

These lizards are said to be the oldest and largest of living reptiles, yet strange to say the island is geologically speaking comparatively new. But the whole place seemed to have an air of mystery.

We did not land that night, but next day it was arranged that Harold and I should go ashore in the morning and the others later; the reason being that a hard, southerly wind was blowing and the yacht could not be left unwatched in this open roadstead.

I climbed about, searching in vain for these lizards, but only traces of animals could be seen and after scrambling and stumbling over stony ground we returned to the beach to watch the yacht whilst the other two went exploring. They were away for about two hours and on their return Dick proudly held up some venison, having shot a deer which Russell had cut up.

They told us they had followed animal-tracks which led them along the side of a hill to a small water-hole in a gully. Here they saw fresh signs



(Upper) KOMODO, HOME OF THE DRAGON LIZARDS.
(Lower) TRADING VESSEL IN THE JAVA SEA

of animal life. Trees and shrubs clustered thickly on either side of the gulley, meeting overhead in a tangled mass of branches through which the sun filtered. From here the tracks led them across the gulley, up another hill and finally to a small plateau where they saw a number of deer in the shelter of a large rock. It was here that Dick obtained his shot.

Their report ended we collected on the beach and had a cooling swim, for it had been hot work climbing over the steep, broken ground. The small section of the island we explored was almost entirely composed of jagged, broken stones with brown grass about two feet long growing between and completely hiding the ground, so making walking hard and risky. There is apparently little soil on the island, the volcanic stones not having yet been disintegrated by weather. In any case we got no glimpse of a giant lizard but on the beach saw a track in the sand that could have been made by a large reptile. We followed this for a short distance but found that it disappeared as mysteriously as it had begun.

CHAPTER V

PAST VOLCANOES TO BALI

When the winds are raging o'er the upper ocean
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

AT one-forty p.m. on the 11th September we weighed anchor, for the wind was blowing at almost gale force from the south and coming off the hills in hard gusts. Fortunately the anchor had been buoyed, but even then we had great difficulty in breaking it out of the coral-bottom. We had also moored with rope as the water was very deep and when the anchor was up we found the rope to be badly chafed.

Owing to the gusts from the land it was two hours before we were clear; then the wind freshened to gale-force, and we had to double-reef the mainsail but shook out later as the wind eased off.

A little later we ran under the lee of Sangeang Island, where we were left tumbling in a troubled sea for most of the night. This island is volcanic and rises from the sea to a height of over six thousand feet. It is almost circular and about seven miles in diameter. We approached it at dusk under a full moon so that its appearance was majestic.

PAST VOLCANOES TO BALI

For the next few days we had light breezes and calms at intervals with strong, southerly winds at night, in which it was often necessary to reef. We also passed various sailing schooners of the high-sterned type we found in Buton. The material of the sails appeared to be very light and they sailed well before the wind.

Passing Lombok at night we caught sight of what looked like two pieces of burning coal in the sky. These proved to be the glow from the twelve thousand three hundred feet high volcano, and in the morning we could plainly see smoke coming from the crater.

At six-thirty p.m. on the 15th September, and when I was steering, close hauled in a fresh southerly wind with a steep sea, the bolt-rope at the head of the mainsail parted and the sail tore in half, but the leech-rope held. The crew were immediately called, the mainsail lowered, taken off the boom and stowed below. We then set the trysail in its place, the whole operation being accomplished in less than half an hour.

We were glad to have the trysail set that night for it blew very hard and brought up a heavy, steep sea on our beam, so causing the waves to constantly break over the bow and the spray to fly over the port light.

As a contrast the following day gave us a very pleasant sail along the coast of Bali, with a fine view of its plains, green paddy-fields and cocoanut plantations, some of which came right to the water's edge.

We anchored that afternoon, the 16th September, in the open roadstead of Buleleng after

sending two of the crew ahead in the dinghy to take soundings. Only a short distance from the shore it showed twenty fathoms, and then shoaled very rapidly. We finally moored with one anchor in fifteen fathoms and with another in three fathoms, and I went ashore to locate the Harbour Master, whom I found off duty at his home. He came aboard the next day and very kindly placed one of his men aboard to look after the vessel during our absence ashore.

We then all landed, passed the Customs House and along a tarred road at the edge of the beach to call at the K.P.M. (Royal Packet Navigation Company) office, a new modern building standing out amidst the native houses. Here I endeavoured to cash my letter of credit, but was informed that this could only be done at Den Pasar, the capital, about seventy miles away on the south of the island.

So we hired a car and drove to Singaraja; a clean and charming town where the Europeans live. On the way we passed many pony-carts decorated with ribbons and brightly painted. The ponies themselves trot to the jingling of harness-bells and the native passengers talk and laugh or sit back in stately silence.

The following day we enjoyed a pleasant drive to Den Pasar, where I was able to cash my letter of credit.

Every available piece of land in Bali is cultivated. All the hills are terraced to make rice-fields. The water from the mountains is diverted over miles of country from one field to another, so giving the appearance of thousands of mirrored

lakes. A winding road led us to the top of a mountain, six thousand feet above sea level, where we stopped; we breathed the crisp cool air, gazed over an inland lake and at the rising smoke from an active volcano that annihilated a native village and all its occupants about ten years ago.

This volcano, we heard, erupted three times. The first was only small. The second was larger, and lava poured from the crater, threatening to destroy the village, but stopped at the foot of a temple and just short of their dwellings. Because of this the natives believed that their Gods were protecting them and did not leave their homes. At the third eruption they refused to desert the village, saying that their Gods had saved them before and would do so again—hence disaster.

A number of ancient temples we found of absorbing interest. The clay-like substance on which have been worked intricate designs and figures in colour have withstood the centuries, whilst the Gods in some of these temples are both grotesque and fantastic.

Most of the Balinese women carried something for the markets on their heads, and nearly all were without clothing above the waist. One could not help admiring their silky-brown skins, their beautiful, upright carriage, caused no doubt by carrying things on their heads, and their wonderfully shaped shoulders and limbs. They looked physically perfect. Yet, strange to say, the women dancers of this island are fully clothed.

In the afternoon, at the creeks and pools, one sees these cheerful folk washing and splashing, and in some parts the mountain water is caught

in a trough and led through apertures in a cement wall, so making an ever-running shower. These places are enclosed in walls with separate divisions for the sexes.

At Den Pasar we found a clean, well laid out town with comfortable-looking European houses, and in the museum many Balinese works of art; beaten silver-work, rings of gold and silver, gods, and bizarre paintings. A pleasant drive took us back to Buelong in the afternoon, but we did not reach the yacht until well after dark.

The native craft moored here were generally boats up to forty feet long, open and with high freeboard. They carried one big lateen sail with wide cloths. The long spar is heavy and bends from the mast, but the boom on which the sail is set is very light and seems to bend alarmingly.

CHAPTER VI

JAVA SEA AND BATAVIA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

—“*The Sea*,” Bryan W. Procter.

AT twelve-forty-five p.m. on 19th September, we set sail for Batavia after those three, pleasant days in charming Bali, with a people as yet unspoiled by tourists.

Light variable winds took us through Sapudi Strait on the following day.

The sea here seemed to change to a very light blue, due probably to the shallower water, and remained the same all the way to Batavia. The wind was now a fair, light-to-moderate sailing breeze, and with the trysail in place of the main-sail, but with all our extras set, we made good way.

We passed many sailing craft in these seas—as many as a hundred a day—quaint-looking, open vessels with painted hulls about thirty feet long. These boats are different from the Balinese craft. They have a big lateen sail, and, in addition, a small lateen set right in the bows. The bow is raised like those of the old Viking ships. It is marvellous how these sails set and how the long spar stays up. They also have a jockey-pole out from the side on to which the weather stay is set to the top of the gaff. The foot of this long spar is set into the boat, and when the sail is down

the boat is absolutely unrigged, for its mast is only a few feet high.

The sails are of very light material, well and full-cut; the cloths are narrow; some have designs and quaint markings on them, whilst others have the outer cloth of a coloured material.

It is marvellous, too, how fast these boats move through the water and how well suited they are to the calm water and light winds of this sea.

When running before the wind they goose-wing their sails, having one on either side like spin-nakers, and no matter from what direction the wind is blowing these appear to be drawing well.

Along a pole, running from fore and aft and about six feet from the deck, they hang baskets, food and all sorts of things, so that when going about all this gear must come down, but with the wind blowing from the same direction for days this would not happen very often. In a blow they drop all canvas.

These boats contain up to twelve men, mostly Malays, who live on board for days. They light fires for cooking and seem to live well.

It was a beautiful sight to see these picturesque craft studding the ocean like butterflies, the light winds wafting them on their way; the occupants carefree and living as their forefathers have done. A more peaceful life in these days, for years ago many of their ancestors were pirates.

As we sailed our modern craft they waved to us, perhaps criticizing our rig and thinking how much faster we would travel with theirs.

On the 24th of September we signalled a Japanese vessel, the "Canada Maru," asking her

to report us all well, but she completely ignored our signal.

During this part of our trip we varnished several of our spars and the woodwork. I also tried setting the staysails without the booms and found they held the wind much better and appeared to increase speed. We still continued to see many craft, both steam and sail, and on the 25th passed close to two large schooners of about fifty feet in length. They had perfectly setting, light sails, were of the high-stern type of hundreds of years ago, and were steered with a flat piece of wood operated by the helmsman on the poop.

We entered Tanjong Priok Harbour on the morning of the 26th September. Our chart was a very small-scale one but the sailing directions gave us all the information we required. The pilot boarded us when inside and gave us a berth off the Yacht Club, where we were made Honorary Members during our stay in port.

Tanjong Priok is the sea port for Batavia and one travels to the capital either by car or electric train. The road runs alongside a canal which connects the capital with the sea and also carries the overflow from the dam in the mountains. Refuse, drains, and storm-water run into this canal, and in the dry season it is covered with a sheet of green slime. This, however, does not deter the natives from bathing, cleaning their teeth and washing clothes in it. Yet Java is now comparatively free of disease. Along this narrow channel junks sail to the city and rafts are towed by perspiring Chinese or Malays. Consequently, in the centre of Batavia one sees a curious con-

glomeration of junks, bamboo and cane rafts, on which people live, with the flotsam and jetsam of the city all in close juxtaposition.

Batavia, for all this, is quite a large city with modern buildings and hotels of imposing appearance, but it is terribly hot and humid.

The Dutch appear to look after the natives well and improve their lot by studying their diet and stamping out fever and disease. Java is one of the most thickly populated countries in the world, there being on this small island forty million souls. In fact, to find employment is now becoming a problem, for this population is increasing in numbers. But owing to the vigilance of the Dutch health authorities only a small number now die of the diseases which were rife in the past.

We visited many parts of the city, and at the invitation of Mr. Pheltman spent a pleasant afternoon at his cottage in the mountains. The cool, crisp air here was a pleasant change after the dust and heat of Batavia, and we had an enjoyable drive through some of the country.

When we reached Batavia we learnt that there was the possibility of trouble between England and Italy over Abyssinia, and that certain steamship companies were altering their route and intended going round the Cape of Good Hope instead of through the Suez Canal.

I was also strongly advised to go round the Cape, and gave it some thought. Although the distance would have been greater we might have taken less time because the winds would probably have been more in our favour than by the projected route, but we would not have seen so much of

the world. After due consideration, therefore, I decided to carry on to Singapore and then ascertain developments.

We found the Dutch very hospitable in all their colonies we visited, nor were we ever charged pilotage or harbour dues, and they invariably spoke English and Malay. The English, however, would only speak Malay, which is used throughout the East Indies by the coloured races.

We had our mainsail repaired and re-rope here as the bolt rope was worn, stretched very thin and needed renewing.

CHAPTER VII

CROSSING THE LINE — SINGAPORE

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.
—*Bryan W. Procter.*

WE weighed anchor at eleven-thirty a.m. on the 8th October, and sailed out of Tanjong Priok Harbour with a fresh northerly wind; beat out past the pretty islands of the bay and then lay our course to clear the Thousand Islands. A westerly set brought us very close to them during the night.

These islands are small and low, with, generally, deep water between them. Actually there are about eighty of them, but when seen in the moonlight they certainly looked at least a thousand, and we all agreed that they are well named.

The south-east monsoon was now nearly spent so that all the way to Singapore we experienced the squalls of wind and rain that come with the change.

The day after passing the Thousand Islands we had a succession of these and spent most of our time setting and lowering sails, but making good progress for days through water covered with a brown substance which we found to be composed of small needle-like pieces of growth which appeared to turn to mud when rubbed in the hand.

During the afternoon of the 10th we met with very heavy rain and thunder but it did not last

CROSSING THE LINE—SINGAPORE

long and we eventually entered Banka Strait at night, with a light, fair wind, steered by its numerous lighthouses and buoys, and passed through at eight p.m. on the following day.

It was now terribly hot with a sky threatening squalls, and thunderstorms, but we actually passed through with a fair wind interrupted only by a few calms.

We had a fresh breeze on the 12th and at eight p.m. passed T. Jong lighthouse; and later, with a strong breeze, we crossed the line. At ten-fifty-eight p.m. Father Neptune came aboard and shaved Harold and Dick, who had not crossed before.

Shortly after this, the wind, as though it had finished with us now that we had crossed the line, dropped considerably, and we lowered the main-sail. It was my invariable custom to do this to obviate slatting, which besides breaking the lashing of the slides, puts a strain on the mast, main-sail, and boom, without helping to make any appreciable headway.

During the following day the wind was variable and practically all round the compass. We also had several heavy rain-squalls, so all had a good bath, and some members of the crew washed clothes.

At dusk on the 14th the wind fell away but a light breeze sprung up at ten p.m.

I awoke about one o'clock in the morning of the 15th October, with an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong and that we might be in danger, though I could tell by the motion of the yacht that we were moving slowly. But so strong

was the premonition that I could not sleep again and went on deck, where Russell was steering, to find we were south of Pedro Branca light, amongst the reefs, and almost among the breakers of a spot called Middle Rocks. In fact, we were only about one hundred feet away and drifting towards them with the current. I promptly altered course, then wakened the rest of the crew and ordered the engine to be started, as there was no time to rig the anchor. Fortunately the engine started at once, and only just in time, for we were then only the yacht's length from the rocks and would most certainly have been wrecked there.

Instructions had been given to Russell by Dick, whom he relieved, to steer to pass the lighthouse to port—which would have taken us on the north side of it—and not to go closer than a mile. But, whilst he had obeyed the first order he had overlooked the fact that, with lack of wind, the current had borne the yacht to the light. He had ignored the compass and kept the light to port, so was on the south side of it and amongst the reefs.

As we were aware of the strong current we were giving the light a berth of a mile, but Russell had approached to within a few hundred yards.

Some malign influence must have been in the air that night, for in Russell's next watch, at six a.m., I came on deck again to find he had misunderstood another instruction—to steer south 75° west. He was actually steering north 75° west, which course was again taking us on to the land, and in another half-hour we should have been ashore.

After this I emphasized instructions given him

by the addition that no matter what course was given him to steer to wake me at once if in doubt, or if he thought the course was taking us into danger.

After these incidents, and realizing that he had nearly wrecked us, I was awakened nearly every night when he thought there was a possibility of danger, or even when danger did not exist; and I could not discourage him from waking me unnecessarily, even on the top of my instructions. It seems to take years of sailing experience before one is able to understand when danger is imminent.

Approaching Singapore we experienced heavy rain-squalls, followed by almost continuous, heavy rain for some time. We were close hauled and for a time could not see land, but when the rain suddenly cleared Singapore lay ahead of us.

Earlier in the morning several aeroplanes circled over us and their pilots waved. They also came down close to the yacht and we photographed some of them.

At Batavia everyone had been speaking of war, and seeing these planes we wondered if it had actually started.

At two-fifteen p.m. we dropped anchor in Singapore Roads, and the Customs advised us to moor near the Yacht Club and piloted us to the yacht basin.

We moored by our anchor from the bow, with stern-lines on to some old iron hulks where the local yachts moored, and which formed the break-water for the boat-harbour. The next day Mr. Stevens, whom some refer to as the father of

Singapore, came aboard and made us honorary members of the Royal Singapore Yacht Club.

Later on a fellow countryman, Mr. C. Best, drove us round Singapore, through the pretty gardens and European homes, wonderfully situated amongst palm trees, and in the evening over the Johore locks into Johore. We also called at the Civil Service Club and afterwards had a Japanese dinner at a little restaurant built on a floating pontoon and connected to the land by a narrow wooden bridge. This delightful dinner was prepared in our presence and consisted of pieces of chicken, bamboo-shoots and vegetables fried in butter, mixed with a raw egg and cooked over a coke-brazier alongside our low, wooden table. We sat on cushions, Japanese fashion, and ate with chop-sticks—by no means so difficult an accomplishment as one would imagine.

If here one desires fish for dinner one can walk out on to a small verandah and choose some of the many fish swimming in latticed compartments, or else, if feeling in a sporting mood, you can angle for your own meal with a rod supplied by the establishment.

Dinner finished, we drove into Singapore and visited the New World cabaret where you can dance with Eurasian or Chinese girls. There is no lack of partners and most of the girls speak English. Then, if one tires of dancing, one can stroll round the huge New World amusement park, gaze at Chinese or Malay operas, or take part in games of chance.

A ride round the Chinese quarter by rickshaw at night is not without interest. One travels from

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brightly-lit streets, with hanging Chinese signs, to dark, winding, narrow lanes. Dark, huddled forms, can be seen asleep on the pavements, or stretched out on rough stretchers. If your rickshaw boy cannot speak English, and a great number do not, you will probably have an exasperating if not uninteresting evening, for he will take you the longest possible way between two places to increase the fare.

CHAPTER VIII

SQUALLS IN MALACCA STRAIT—PENANG

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free.

—“*Some Love to Roam*,” Charles Mackay.

At eleven a.m. on the 23rd October we weighed anchor, and as there was no wind motored out of Singapore, through Keppel Harbour, to Batam, an island where the Shell Company store their petrol, and filled our tank.

At one-forty-five p.m. we left there and continued our journey under sail, with a light, fair wind. We entered Malacca Strait at dusk and during the early part of the night passed a number of lighted vessels. Two lighthouses also brightened the scene.

Malacca Strait is one of the worst places in the world for sailing craft, especially at the change of the monsoon. In the old days sailing vessels avoided these dangerous waters at this time of the year, as there are several banks and reefs and squalls called “Sumatras” are frequently experienced. We encountered our first shortly after entering the strait. A dense, black cloud formed in the west and at nine p.m. burst over us with wind and rain. It blew strong for about half an hour and then left us tossing about in a confused sea without wind.

MALACCA STRAIT—PENANG

In this storm we lost the tunny's tail which was nailed to the bowsprit and the crew were upset because we had had good weather up to this day and so thought our luck would now leave us.

Another "Sumatra" came in the same way at three-thirty a.m., blowing very hard and forcing us to heave to for awhile.

These storms are very trying, as after reefing and preparing for them they generally pass away quickly, leaving a choppy sea in which the boat is tossed about without a breeze to steady her. Every night these storms would arrive; often two or three of them, followed by calms accompanied by uncomfortable, choppy seas.

The prevailing wind was always ahead; sometimes hard, sometimes light, and the current always against us. It rained, too, most of the time and visibility was bad. There were also several reefs and banks not marked by buoys or lights. In consequence we had a very trying passage, for we had to fight nearly every inch of the way.

A severe "Sumatra" caught us on the 25th, at one-fifty a.m. The wind was force 9 with very heavy rain, and we had to lower the mainsail. This lasted longer than usual but left us at seven a.m., and for three hours we had an uncomfortable time, rolling from side to side in a confused and broken sea. So at dusk that day we did not wait for the approach of one but reefed the mainsail and were in consequence prepared for all the squalls that came that night.

Extract from Log and Diary for forty-one hours from 28th October:—

28th October—

2.45 a.m.—Wind blowing light from the north-east.

3.30 a.m.—Very dense black clouds forming in the west and moving towards us. Harold is on watch and calls me.

4 a.m.—I awake rest of crew to shorten sail and reef mainsail.

“When are we going to get a rest?” grumbles Dick when he arrived on deck.

“All hands on to the mainsail and put two reefs down.”

4.10 a.m.—The “Sumatra” strikes us and down comes the rain, but not very hard this time, and we sail on with the two reefs down but the wind soon moderates.

6 a.m.—Shook out reefs as wind has now fallen to force 4.

6.15 a.m.—Again clouds form in the west. This time I did not reef expecting this squall to be light.

6.45 a.m.—Squall with heavy rain. We make good progress for awhile then the wind falls away and heads us off.

7 a.m.—Harold prepares breakfast. “One good thing about these squalls is you haven’t to wash yourself,” said Dick philosophically as he dried his body when the rain ceased.

“Another good thing about this portion of the world is that your clothes dry quickly,” said Russell, as he placed his wet things in the sun, which had just come out but quickly disappeared again under a cloud.

7.45 a.m.—“On deck, and hoist jib and topsail

before breakfast," I said, knowing the work would be done quicker before than after breakfast. Up go the sails.

"It won't be long before they come down again," prophesied Russell.

"Let's bet on when the next 'Sumatra' comes," said Dick in a sporting mood.

8 a.m.—"Come and get it," holloas Harold. There is a stampede for the dinner table, one remaining at the wheel.

Breakfast. Oatmeal. Then stew consisting of what was left over from dinner last night. The cook is economical as well as wise, for he generally cooks more than is eaten at night to to save himself the trouble of making a fresh dish in the morning, just heating the stew over the primus.

9 a.m.—Crew clear away and wash up. Dick looks in vain for the sun.

10 a.m.—"Is this another squall?" I query, as rain commences to fall again and the wind freshens.

"Did you expect it to be fine for two hours?" laughs Harold.

12 noon.—Position $2^{\circ} 39'$, $101^{\circ} 20'$ E. Run 43 miles.

2 p.m.—I call crew on deck to lower topsail and jib and double-reef mainsail, as very heavy black clouds move rapidly towards us.

Down comes the mainsail and whilst Dick and I reef, Russell and Harold lower the other sails. Just as the reefed mainsail is hoisted we experienced our severest "Sumatra" which blew at force 10, laying us down to the rail.

The wind drove the heavy rain with such force that it stung the crews naked bodies and we had to lower our faces to protect the eyes from the force of the rain.

This squall did not last long, but it left a very confused sea and with the wind easing the yacht rolled a lot, especially when the breeze changed from south-west to north-west right ahead of us.

3 p.m.—Shook our reefs.

4 p.m.—Strong wind blowing with confused sea.

11.15 p.m. One fathom bank light abeam bearing north-east $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

29th October—

1.10 a.m.—The wind gradually died away to a calm after passing one fathom bank. Lowered mainsail.

4.30 a.m.—Dick wakes me.

“What is it?” I say, as his wet hand grasps me.

“At three o’clock,” he said, “I could see the one fathom bank light flashing and another light making the other side of the channel. Just now I noticed the two lights converging so took a bearing and discovered that we have drifted to the west of the lights.”

Fortunately the wind was freshening so I called Harold as it was now his watch. Set mainsail and altered our course.

5 a.m.—Set mainsail.

7 a.m.—set jib and topsail.

Everyone is in high spirits as the wind is of sufficient force now to sail steadily and no indication of any “Sumatra.”

10 a.m.—“ Here it comes again,” they almost all say at once, as a line of dark cloud is seen forming in the west.

“ Down sails,” I order.

“ What a hell of a country,” and such like expressions come from the crew as we reef the mainsail.

The dark thin line gradually grows thicker, blacker (I have never seen such black clouds as these “ Sumatras ”) and slowly advances towards us, seeming to gather way and becoming larger as it forms across the sky. Thicker it grows until it lifts altogether from the west, making an inky-black blotch across the sky and looking like some menacing spirit about to overwhelm us.

11.48 a.m.—Down upon us it came in fury in a terrific squall of wind and rain of force 10. The squall was very short-lived, falling away to force 4 in twelve minutes, and we saw the clouds pass away to disappear over the Malayan shore.

12 noon.—Shook out reefs. Crew groaning and remarking “ Why can’t we get one thing or another ? ” Noon position approximately (as we have not been able to take a sight for some time) $20^{\circ} 56' N$, $100^{\circ} 44' E$. Run 40 miles.

12.15 p.m.—Light squall with rain.

2.10 p.m.—Set topsail and jib as wind has moderated.

4.20 p.m.—Noticed another dark cloud in the west so down with the sails again, with the same performance of reefing.

4.30 p.m.—Another “ Sumatra ” but not so severe

this time. The wind fell quickly only to freshen later.

5.45 p.m.—Still another of these damnable squalls with rain. When will they cease? Piles of wet clothing all over the place; floor of the yacht clammy and wet through dripping bodies and wet feet. Nasty, confused sea; for these squalls usually come up from the south-west and veer to the north-west leaving an unpleasant chop.

6.45 p.m.—Changed double reef for single reef. As the wind had fallen we made this change, because we found it possible with the single reef to have sufficient sail to make progress against the head wind and were prepared for further squalls that we expected during the night.

At 4.45 p.m., on the 30th October, we noticed a large French passenger steamer bearing down on us, which turned out to be the "Marechal Joffre." Owing to the cloud-obscured sun we had not been able to get a sight, or fix our position by shore-bearing for about three days, and as we had experienced "Sumatras," calms and head-winds, were not sure of our position. So I flag-signalled to the liner "What is my present position?" They signalled this, but to make certain we had the right answer they manœuvred the ship to within about twenty yards of us and an officer called out from the bridge, "3° 29' N, 100° 04' E." It was a very courteous act on the captain's part and I thanked him across the water.

We must have looked a strange sight to his passengers who were watching us from the side. A tiny vessel tossed about by the confused and

broken seas, miles from land and habitation.

During this incident the wind was blowing hard, and increased to gale force later, making it necessary to double-reef the mainsail. So, for the next two days we had more squalls and calms and our progress was very slow.

Two days before making Penang we passed out of these squalls and experienced light head-winds and calms, and in these latter the current would take us back, but we reached port finally at six p.m. on the 3rd November, and dropped anchor in the harbour.

As usual the harbour authorities were not long in coming on board, as well as a reporter from the *Malay Echo*, whilst the usual ship-chandlers and laundrymen also surrounded us and clambered on board.

It had been a very slow passage from Singapore to Penang, the four hundred miles taking us eleven days. The wind had been nearly always against us, and in the calms the current would, as already mentioned, often take us back. In addition the boat had accumulated a lot of marine growth and was very foul, for she had not been slipped since leaving Sydney.

The following day I was pleased to receive a visit from the Harbour Master accompanied by Major Russell, a member of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, who was staying in Penang. I enjoyed meeting a club-member so far away from Sydney, and we spoke of old times together, when he used to race his "White Wings" against my "Utiekah II" in Sydney. He also invited me to

tiffin at his hotel, and in the afternoon we were taken to the Aero Club by one of the members and given a flight in the Club's new monoplane.

We were moored here among a number of Chinese junks; huge, clumsy craft with rotten, patchwork sails, and that night we were awakened by excited voices and a Malay shouting "Kapel, kapel!" (Boat, boat!) at the top of his voice. We were moored to a buoy with an anchor out at the stern and on rushing on deck I found that its rope had caught between the junk's stern post and rudder. Actually the junk had sailed over the rope which had dragged along her keel until it reached the heel when it had sprung upwards and fouled the rudder. After a lot of trouble and much shouting the line was cleared and the junk drifted on.

The next day a sudden squall from the north-west blew down on the roadstead and a number of junks commenced to drag anchor. One pulled up only a few yards from us and we had narrow escapes from being bumped by others. Some of these vessels were unlucky enough to be under sail at the time and they simply had to run before a wind which tore most of their sails to tatters. It is hard to imagine how these junks ever get anywhere with sails patched with old bags and different coloured materials of all shapes and sizes. I was told that when cargo is shipped in these vessels the consignee just forgets about the goods until he receives them.

Next morning I thought it advisable to see the Assistant Harbour Master about mooring elsewhere, and he very kindly gave me permission to

do this at Glugor, quite a pretty native village with trees growing to the sandy shore and about three miles from the town.

On another day we motored round Penang, along a beautiful coastline with many little bays and beaches of golden sand, where cocoanut palms, leaning at different angles, waved in the cool, tropical breeze. Here laughing Malays could be seen bathing in the warm water and diving off smooth boulders that lay off the beach, without fear of sharks.

The road led us over hills and down beautiful gulleys with palms and flowers everywhere; chattering monkeys clinging to trees and water flowing in the valleys. This later became an asphalt avenue between tropical palms and vegetation and passed through well-ordered rubber plantations. From the hills we could gaze down on the paddy-fields and a sea of waving palms, green and verdant under the tropical sky.

Rain had recently fallen and the flat ground at the foot of the hills was in places under water. Tropical flowers and fan-like palms, mixed with tall cocoanut trees, grew out of the shallow sheets of water, and in the midst of this very garden, perched on piles on a mound of sandy earth, were Malay houses of panelled, unvarnished teak.

The Malay is a happy and contented person in this land of natural beauty. He is of a carefree race and rather lazy; a born seaman and fisherman, an excellent motor-driver, but has no head for business, which he leaves to the Chinamen, who are the accepted shopkeepers in the Malay Peninsula.

We went up the hill in a car running on rails and drawn by a single wire rope. The gradient is two in one, and the car is rhomb shaped, for it is never on level ground. At the top of the hill, two thousand feet above sea level, where the air is cool, we had a wonderful view of the island with its forests of cocoanut palms, its jungle and green flats. Immediately below us to the eastward was Georgetown and its harbour, that narrow stretch of water that separates the island from the mainland, while far beyond rose the high, nebulous mountains of Malaya; peaks of turquoise, fusing with the sky in a filmy veil of blue, and delightful to the eye.

People live on the hill all the year round and travel to work each day by the novel method of the hill railway.

As we travelled down the hill we suddenly felt a tightening in the ears, caused by the rapid change of atmospheric pressure.

The foulness of the yacht's bottom was a matter for attention, so I arranged with Mr. Parry of the Penang Harbour Board to have her hauled up on their slip in the Prai River, and was quoted a very reasonable price for the work.

Special padded chocks had to be made to fit her underbody, and then at ten a.m. on the 9th November, we went on the slip. The work was very capably done under the supervision of Mr. Andrews, who was in charge of the dock.

Whilst this work was being done Mr. Andrews placed his car at our disposal and we drove through rubber plantations and rice fields to Taiping, situated at the foot of a high mountain.



(Upper) SIRIUS ON THE SLIP AT PENANG
(Lower) TRADING DHOW, MALDIVE ISLANDS.

On the way we passed numerous tin-dredges, many idle because of the restricted output of the metal.

We saw, too, that many Chinese at Georgetown had built their homes over the water on long, slender poles stuck in the mud. They were built in clusters, like a small colony, and joined to the shore by a crazy pier, which runs out into deeper water. Tied up to the roughly planked, thatched houses, and along the wharf, were numerous sampans and Chinese fishing craft. The Chinese seem quite happy here with their wives and families and away from the town.

CHAPTER IX

PULO LANGKAWI, AN OLD PIRATES' HAUNT

Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dreamland
Are thine for a day.

—“*Dreamland*,” Silas Weir Mitchell.

WE came off the slip on the 10th November, and on the 13th November weighed anchor and set sail for Pulo Langkawi, one of a group of islands about eighty miles north of Penang.

The following night we were off these islands, but the wind fell away, and not wishing to enter after dark I sailed the yacht close to land and anchored in the open roadstead for the night. As a precaution against a rising wind we reefed the mainsail, and also to be in readiness to at once up-anchor and away. But it remained calm. and at seven-twenty next morning we weighed again to enter harbour.

The approach to this group of islands, of which Pulo Langkawi is one, offers a magnificent sight. Some of them present a wild, rock-like appearance, rising sheer from the water's edge, whilst smaller ones are densely wooded with green growth to the water's edge.

The wind was light when entering this natural

PULO LANGKAWI

harbour of islands with the smaller islets studding the bay, so we had leisure to admire the beauty of this entrancing group. We finally anchored off a beach, landed and found strange, crab-like creatures on the sand, and on wandering up a gulley down which water trickled to the beach, saw both birds and monkeys which seemed to resent our intrusion judging by the noise they made, whilst all around were palms and creepers which nearly hid the light of day.

The day following, the 16th November, we weighed anchor, drifted more than sailed to Kuah and anchored near the town, where a Malay customs officer came aboard and rowed us ashore. Here we met his senior, who was able to speak a little English.

After the usual formalities we strolled through the town, which consisted of a few shops mostly run by Chinese, and bought fresh provisions.

We also heard that there was a white man named Miller on the island, managing a rubber plantation, and two members of the crew walked five miles to his home through nearly the same number of miles of rubber-trees. Mr. and Mrs. Miller hospitably entertained them, drove them back to the yacht, and came on board for afternoon tea. They told us that there was a malaria epidemic on their plantation, that several Tamils were dying and that the Miller family had themselves been laid up. This fever was only prevalent on the flat, inland country, for the land round the coast seemed to be practically free.

Tunku Abdul Rahman, a son of the Sultan of Kedah, was in charge of the district. He was

educated at Cambridge and is a fine fellow. Both he and his wife, who is an Englishwoman, made our stay very pleasant and entertained us at their home several times.

One day we accompanied the Tunku in a launch carrying a party of Malays whom he had called up to make a road to an inland lake on Dayang Bunting, one of the larger islands of the group. These people pay few taxes but their services can be called upon for any national work, such as roadmaking, though any rich natives may subscribe instead of working.

We landed on a jetty under construction by Malays and walked along a track they had cut through dense jungle. Branches of tall trees met overhead and the road led us to the brow of a hill, when there, before us, sparkling in sunlight, lay the waters of a huge, bottomless lake surrounded by tall limestone cliffs. A dressing shed and diving platform had been built, and before lunch everybody stopped work and swam in the clear water. We lunched on numerous kinds of Malay curry spread out for everybody to share and brought by the people of the village. These curries consisted mostly of meat, fish and fowl with an enormous quantity of rice. I tasted the different varieties, which, though very hot, were quite palatable.

Lunch over work began once more, and went on until heavy clouds darkened the sky and rain fell heavily, stopping the day's toil.

There is no poverty here, but, at the same time, there is no striving to acquire power and wealth, for the Malay is contented, the Government prosperous and taxes practically nil.

These Malays pay a small annual land-tax for their rice-fields. Children are educated free in the primary schools and may later go to English schools at a nominal fee.

On another occasion we went fishing with Mr. Miller, who used his skiff with an outboard motor. We walked from his home down through groves of rubber trees until we came to flat, swampy ground, where these ended; then stumbled along a narrow track over roots and boggy ground to eventually come out to the head of a creek that was actually a mangrove swamp. The boat was pulled up near the bank and we had to wade out, ankle deep, through thick, slimy mud, tumble aboard, and were then pushed off by a couple of grinning Malays. The creek soon widened a little and we paddled along the winding stream. Twisted roots thrust out from the banks, on which grew a thick, tangled mass of vegetation, and beyond this lay the impenetrable jungle. Gnarled, twisted limbs and creepers formed a canopy overhead that shut out the light. Not a breath stirred the trees and the only sound was the lapping of the black water against the bank and the rustle of crabs seeking their holes. Occasionally a chattering monkey would come swinging through the trees, gaze curiously at us and disappear again. When the creek widened sufficiently the engine, after about an hour's spluttering, was started by the cursing and perspiring Mr. Miller. But, with the engine running, we soon passed out of the creek into the open air and sunlight, though, when we looked back, all we could see was the jungle growing to the water's edge.

Mr. Miller chose a position and we fished for a while, then landed for lunch on one of the numerous beaches.

Before we landed a Malay, who had come with us, caught some prawns with a round net, weighted with small lead chain, in shallow water. This net has to be so skilfully thrown that it forms a complete circle when it hits the water. It is then drawn slowly up by a cord attached to the centre, and as it rises the chain round the net draws over the prawns and the whole thing closes like an umbrella. He caught a number in this fashion and they were grilled in the ashes of the fire with some of the fish we caught, so making an excellent lunch.

During our stay at Langkawi we tramped many miles hunting for wild pig, but although we heard their grunts in the bushes were never able to shoot one. However, we managed to bring down a few snipe on one of our expeditions.

On the day of our departure the Tunku and his wife, with many of the officials, including the doctor and his wife, came to say good-bye and escorted us down the lovely harbour in their launch.

It had been an enjoyable stay, with its fishing, shooting and bathing in the warm water from the yacht without any fear of sharks.

CHAPTER X

SQUALLS IN THE BAY OF BENGAL — COLOMBO

For every wave with dimpled face
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

—“*Musings*,” *Amelia B. Welby*.

WE weighed anchor at ten-fifteen a.m., on the 27th November, and left Langkawi bound for Colombo. A very light breeze was blowing and we drifted rather than sailed out of the harbour.

At dusk, when clear of the harbour, I had time to think over our stay in Langkawi, and I remembered a legend of the island which had been told to me by the Tunku and one of the old dwellers of this interesting country. It was as follows:—

Many years ago Langkawi was a Malay pirate haunt. In olden days the Malays plundered all vessels unfortunate enough to drop into their clutches, and were reckoned the terrors of these seas. This was one of the reasons why the coasts from here to Australia were so little known. Captains literally dare not travel this route owing to fear of these ruffians.

There dwelt in those days a chief's beautiful daughter named Masura. She was courted by many and amongst them was one Nakoda Ali, with

whom she had played when a child, and, as sometimes happens, children in happy hours of play will often plight their troth. One day, when Masura was thirteen and Nakoda but fourteen, he asked her whether she would be true to him and wait until he was a man. So, standing under a palm-tree on one of the hills they had climbed together from which they could see on one side the ocean and on the other the calm waters of the harbour, they plighted their troth; whilst on their arms they pricked their names in much the same way as tattooing is done to-day.

As the years rolled by they became more and more attracted to one another, but Nakoda had to win his spurs, as it were, and so enlisted with the lord of the island, one named Dramang, to sail the seas for spoil, and obtain the necessary wealth to support a chief's daughter. In time he obtained command of one of his lord's vessels. Meanwhile a chief's son named Tutu fell in love with Masura. But she would not listen, saying that she was betrothed to Nakoda.

Dramang, the lord of the Island, gave little thought to love and women. His ambition was for wealth and power, so he pirated the seas, taking many ships and spoils, and was feared far and wide as a bloody and daring pirate. But as years wore on he thought of an heir to his wealth and wanted a son to succeed him when he tired of the sea. He therefore looked upon the maidens of Langkawi and saw none more beautiful or captivating than Masura and told her father that he desired to marry her. The father was pleased and

flattered that the island lord should choose his daughter and gave his consent.

When her father told Masura she was upset, said she was betrothed to Nakoda and did not wish to marry Dramang; but her parent overruled her wishes. So, in due course, she became the wife of the lord of the island. Dramang became fond of his wife and did not know of her previous attachment to Nakoda. After a stay of three months with his wife Dramang heard of several richly-laden ships that were to pass close to the island and left Masura, saying that he would return after he had captured these.

Whilst all this was happening, Nakoda was away on the Chinese coast looking for plunder, and returned to Langkawi shortly after his lord had gone away on his piratical expedition. He was prostrated with grief when he heard of his sweetheart's marriage to Dramang, and sought Masura in her home. In tears she told him all that had happened, and bade Nakoda to look elsewhere for a bride. Though she once loved Nakoda she had come to have a greater affection for the older man, with his strong character and dominant personality. As they say to-day, she wished Nakoda success with another girl, and he sorrowfully left her. Tutu heard of Nakoda's interview and decided to get even with Masura for refusing his hand, so awaited the return of the lord. In due course Dramang came back, flushed with victory, to lay some of the spoils at his wife's feet, who accepted the presents with pleasure and told her lord how much more she had learned to love him during his absence.

Three days after Dramang's return, Tutu sought him and reported that his wife had been unfaithful with Nakoda, and that the proof would be found on Masura's arm. At first Dramang would not listen, and threatened to kill Tutu for slandering his wife, but the seed was sown in his heart and, like a madman, he sought Masura, looked at her arm and saw Nakoda's name there. She started to tell him of her previous affection, and that she had only seen Nakoda once since her marriage, but, mad with rage and jealousy, he sought Nakoda and killed him with his kris.

Then he sought his wife again and told Masura he meant to slay her, and gave her five minutes to pray before her end.

She protested her innocence, said how much she loved him, and that if he slew her she would curse the island for seven generations in that nothing undertaken there would prosper, that he would fail in everything he undertook and die a broken man.

But he slew her and she was buried there. The grass has never grown upon the spot where the deed was done nor around her grave. Dramang's mind went shortly afterwards and he lost all his power.

As a fact there is wealth in minerals and fine marble on this island but every attempt to exploit these has ended in failure; sea walls have been erected only to be destroyed, and in fact nothing has succeeded. Five generations have gone by and two generations have still to go ere this curse will be lifted.

BAY OF BENGAL—COLOMBO

The yacht, before a light breeze, sailed on slowly over the placid sea, bearing us on the way to our goal, but neither Dick nor I felt too well next day. In consequence I began to imagine that the curse was in a way trying to work its spell on us for visiting this island. In any case we should have been getting regular trade-winds on this stretch of our journey but instead experienced calms, head-winds and storms nearly all the way to Colombo.

For some days we passed through patches of disturbed water. We could hear the roar of waves in the distance to starboard, see them coming and in time reach us, after which we would be tumbling about on confused seas for a few minutes. Then they would pass and disappear in the distance; the roar growing less as they passed out of sight. This phenomenon occurred over and over again for some days, sometimes in a flat calm and sometimes in a fresh wind. Here, too, large fish came round us and the crew tried to spear them. They also shot one or two, but only to see them disappear in the depths after being hit.

With calms, light, variable winds and rain we were eight days before getting clear of Malacca Strait, but on the 4th December we saw the islands off Sumatra fade away behind us in a rain-squall and were in the Bay of Bengal.

A log-extract of the 5th December will show the kind of weather we passed through.

The columns for the compass course and the log have not been used. With the changing winds and various courses it was not possible to keep an accurate check of our general course and distances.

N O R T H W A R D H O !

Date	Time	Compass Course		Log.	Wind & Force
Dec.					
4	12.0 midnight	—	—	WNW. 4	Went about to starboard tack. Heavy rain.
5	1.00 a.m.	—	—		5 Lowered jib—heavy rain.
	1.30	—	—		1 Lowered mainsail (confused sea).
	4.00	—	—		1 Barometer 30.01.
	5.00	—	—		3 Hoisted mainsail.
	6.00	—	—	WSW. 3	Went about to port tack.
	6.30	—	—	3	Set jib and topsail.
	8.00	—	—	W 7	Lowered mainsail in squall.
	9.25	—	—	3	Hoisted mainsail—barometer 30.07.
Dec.					
5	12.00	—	310	W 4	Pos. 6°42'N. by 93°20'E. Run 105 miles.
	2.15 p.m.	—	—	4	Went about to starboard tack.
	2.40	—	—		Lowered topsail and jib squall approaching from west.
	2.45	—	—	5	Rain squall.
	3.20	—	—	1	Long south-west swell coming in, causing a confused sea.
	4.00	—	—	1	Barometer 29.97.
	5.30	—	—	4	Rain squall.
	6.45	—	—	1	Heavy rain—lowered mainsail confused sea.
	8.00	—	—	SW. 2	Hoisted mainsail.

Every day we expected the north-west monsoon, which should have been blowing strongly during this month, but the wind continued mostly ahead, with squalls and rain from all points of the compass. The sea was disturbed and there was also a big swell running, so that, as we had not had a strong blow for any length of time to cause a swell, we believed we were on the edge of a cyclone, and later, when at Colombo, discovered that such was the case. The cyclone had evidently held the monsoon back.

The heavy roll and disturbed sea made life

aboard very unpleasant, for there was often not enough wind to steady her. Also, when out in the Bay about twelve days we had not covered half the way to Colombo. And to make matters worse we were running rather short of certain provisions, for we had been unable to purchase many things, such as potatoes, in any quantities in Langkawi.

Here is an extract from log and diary of happenings at sea on the 12th December, 1935.

12th December, 1935—

12 midnight.—Barometer 29.97.

12.15 a.m.—Lowered topsail as wind was dead aft and the sail doing no good.

1.15 a.m.—Jybed to starboard at change of watch.

2.30 a.m.—Lowered mainsail as wind had dropped and sail was slatting about.

5 a.m.—Hoisted mainsail, wind having freshened. Discovered log was not registering through the cord fouling the propeller during the night. Pulled in log and will try to clear the cord later.

7.15 a.m.—Harold prepares breakfast. "Come and get it," shouts Harold.

7.30 a.m.—Set ballooner. Wind freshening force 5.

7.45 a.m.—Breakfast. Porridge. Used a larger quantity of condensed milk as our supply of sugar is running short, much to the chagrin of the two members of the crew with sweet teeth. Not too many potatoes in the stew, although we bought out all the shop's supply of potatoes in Langkawi. Consumption of jam increased to 2lb. a day.

8.15 a.m.—Dick takes a sight and abuses the sea for not keeping still.

NORTHWARD HO!

- 9 a.m.—Lowered balloonner to effect repairs. Wind blowing force 6.
- 9.15 a.m.—Dick repairing balloonner.
- 10.15 a.m.—Set balloonner. Wind now blowing force 7 and we are doing our 8 knots.
- 10.45 a.m.—Cleared log from the propeller after a lot of trouble by turning the fly wheel of the engine. Barometer 30.8. Russell and Dick thinking of the next meal.
- 11 a.m.—Harold busy considering the next meal. He decided to make a curry as there was a lot of old rice on hand. Crew pleased with the progress we are making as wind is for a change in our favour.
- 11.25 a.m.—Harold had a bath to the surprise of the rest of the crew who were worried that he might catch cold.
- 11.30 a.m.—Set topsail as wind had fallen to force 5.
- 12 noon.—Position $6^{\circ} 33' N.$, $86^{\circ} 50' E.$ Run 102 miles.
- 12.30 p.m.—“Come and get it,” shouts Harold. No time was lost in assembling in the cockpit for the meal. Russell and Dick as usual had several helpings of curry and rice with peanut butter jam and bread to follow. Harold was complimented on the meal. He was handed the wheel to steer during lunch, as he did not eat as much as the others.
- 1.30 p.m.—Russell and Dick discuss the diet of the ancient Greeks whilst washing up.
- 2 p.m.—Changed balloonner to spinnaker as wind was coming more aft.
- 2.15 p.m.—Wind falling light with dark and

BAY OF BENGAL—COLOMBO

ominous clouds gathering in the south and east.

3.05 p.m.—Lowered spinnaker as a heavy rain squall from the east-north-east struck us which however did not last long. All except Harold, who had already bathed this morning, stripped and revelled in a good rain bath, and washed their clothes.

3.30 p.m.—A terrific squall struck us from the south-east which we estimated at force 10 with very heavy rain. It came up quite suddenly and we had trouble in lowering the topsail owing to the sheave in the mast not working due to the pin being worn. We wear out many pins. The pin in the sheave of the mainmast has been renewed about three times since we left Sydney. Just as we got the topsail down the forestaysail sheet carried away. The sail (which we were carrying off the boom) flapped about making a noise like a machine gun. We lowered it with difficulty, the wind-driven rain slashing our faces. We then lowered the mainsail. The wind was behind, so I put the yacht before it when the squall first struck us to ease her. The mainsail came down quite easily as it does on any point of sailing with the slides I had designed for the track. When everything was made shipshape the wind and rain ceased considerably.

4 p.m.—Wind went down to force 5. So hoisted staysails.

For some time we had light squalls and rain with a threatening sky.

NORTHWARD HO!

- 4.30 p.m.—Barometer 30.00. Another light squall with rain, but sky becoming a little clearer.
- 5 p.m.—Crew put fresh lashings round slides of mainsail and topsail. Many had been carried away.
- 6 p.m.—“Come and get it,” sings Harold.
Dinner. Owing to the disturbed state of the weather Harold was unable to think of anything special for dinner, so we had tinned sausages and tomatoes with a limited supply of potatoes, peanut butter and jam.
Russell through missing his afternoon nap did not eat as much as usual. Dick therefore received first marks for the way he polished off the meal.
- 6.45 p.m.—Weather conditions more favourable. We have not had a rain squall for three-quarters of an hour, so hoist mainsail and topsail again.
- 7 p.m.—Dick and Russell wash up and abuse the weather which is certainly not what it should be. There must be a cyclone somewhere and we are getting its leavings.
The gramophone was used to-night instead of the wireless as there was much statics due to the stormy weather.
- 8.10 p.m.—Owing to the disturbed sea and lack of wind I had the mainsail lowered. The boom was swinging about dangerously and I was afraid of it breaking the prevented guy and the lashings of the slides.
- 11.30 p.m.—Another fairly heavy squall with rain from the south-east this time, but it only lasted about fifteen minutes.

BAY OF BENGAL—COLOMBO

We wonder when these squalls and rain storms will cease and the north-east monsoon will come, bringing with it settled weather and bright sunshine, which we now miss so much.

On the 13th we had a good breeze all day and thought that the monsoon had at last set in, but the following day was calm.

For the next two days we experienced better weather and had a fair wind, but there seemed to be a current against us as our daily run always registered less than the log.

On the 15th, at 6.45 p.m., we lowered the sails owing to a very threatening squall that was approaching. It proved to be not as bad as it looked, however, but all night the sky remained overcast and there was lightning down in the west.

On the 16th we had our first sight of Dondra Head to the north, the most southern point of Ceylon. This confirmed Dick's sights which were invariably correct, for we always made good landfalls.

On the following day we had very little wind so sailed very slowly along the south coast, but were helped by a favourable current, though, during the night, we had more squalls, calms and very heavy rain.

Early in the morning of the 18th the wind increased in strength, right in our teeth and to a hard blow, but we made very good headway by tacking and passed behind the breakwater of Colombo shortly after noon. The pilots had been watching our progress along the coast from their station and from the launch which came out to meet us. They told us that we sailed so well close

hauled that, at first, they thought we must have had the engine going, which, of course, was not the case.

The pilot boarded the "Sirius" after we had entered the harbour, and berthed us. We were immediately surrounded by laundrymen and yacht-agents in sampans offering their cards and assuring us of their best attention, even fighting over our custom.

During the afternoon, whilst cleaning up the yacht, the Master Attendant of the Port, Captain Stubbs, sailed round us in his yacht and told us that we were made honorary members of the Royal Colombo Yacht Club. He came aboard on the following morning, and as we did not like our anchorage brought us to one near the pilot-station, where we were safe from being bumped by junks and lighters.

Captain Stubbs is Commodore of the Yacht Club and very sportingly placed a fourteen-foot dinghy at our disposal with which to compete in the Club races to be held that afternoon. My two sons sailed it and finished second, but after an adjustment of handicap were placed third. As a sequel we were hospitably entertained at the Yacht Club, and, of course, the race was resailed over again.

On another occasion the two boys sailed a twenty-one-footer loaned them by a Mr. Smith, a Club member, while Russell and I sailed with another member in his boat. All this made a very pleasant break, and we gathered at the Club House again to resail that race.

Whilst in Colombo I noticed that the bottom of

the yacht was again very foul, and as there was not a suitable slip to pull her up on to for another cleaning, I arranged for two native divers to clean her at anchor. They asked thirty rupees for the work but eventually came down to eight, and after they had been down for about half an hour reported the work finished. I did not trust them however, and sent Dick down, who reported that they had only partly done the job. So I made them go down again, and after a while they again reported the work done. Down Dick dived beneath the ship once more and reported that the keel had not been touched.

This thoroughly riled me and I told the men that unless they made a good job of it and finished the work to my satisfaction I would pay them nothing. So a third time they went under and once more declared the yacht to be clean, and Dick's final report was that the bottom was certainly much cleaner, though not perfect. So I paid the men as they were rather exhausted by this time.

One got the impression that this really was a land of cheats and beggars. Like these divers, all the natives I had anything to do with tried to cheat and rob if we were not careful. It seemed to be bred in their bones. I could not move anywhere without hearing the word "backsheesh" and being asked for alms. Children in the streets followed us as well as their elders. When I went to a jetty to refill the water-tanks, not only did I pay a much too high a price for the water but every man from those who handled the hose to the wharf-men who tied the ropes to the bollards,

asked for tips, including the foreman in charge.

This type of begging is practically unknown, at least to this extent, in other countries we visited, and it appears to me that the more advanced the native civilization the more corrupt it is. The New Guinea savage never asked for alms, neither had I been pestered before in any other country to this extent. But I found later begging among the natives is rife in all the older civilized countries such as Egypt and Ceylon.

We spent Christmas aboard the yacht, and had the old-time Christmas dinner of poultry and plum pudding with the usual trimmings. The first Christmas spent away from the family by these members, and we heard later that we absent ones had been duly toasted.

As we were moored near the Pilot Station we spent a certain amount of time there, and found the pilots very good fellows. Pilotage is compulsory here and Colombo is definitely a busy port.

Here also, on the 29th December, we parted with Russell. His father arrived on that day from a trip abroad, and so we left his son with him. Russell had done extremely well considering his inexperience but the strain of the trip had been a little too much for him in view of this.

While in Colombo we also met Colonel Clemesha who left a few days later in his fifty-ton yawl "Lectona," bound for Albany, West Australia. He had breakfast with us one morning and we later visited his boat where he gave us some very useful charts.

Whilst here we hired a car and drove to Mount Lavinia, stopping on the way to see a Buddhist

temple. At Mount Lavinia we were talked into seeing women make lace by a plausible Sinhalese, who addressed us as "dear lord and master." We were given chairs to sit on and had natives to wave fans behind us, all of whom we had to tip. We were then shown how a cocoanut tree should be climbed, and a Sinhalese brought down a young cocoanut for us to taste. This of course meant more tipping. The plausible Sinhalese also received a commission on the lace we bought, and in addition, on our departure, put out his hand for a tip.

I should mention that the port expenses were heavier in Colombo than in any other harbour we had visited. Pilotage, as already mentioned, is compulsory here, but one would scarcely think it should be for small yachts. As an instance, I was charged 18.75 rupees pilotage, although I really did not require one. The pilot met us outside and came aboard when we had passed inside the breakwater; we also left without their assistance. All we needed was to be directed to a mooring, as was the case in other ports, and for this information no charge was made elsewhere. In Batavia no charge whatever was made for pilotage, although the pilot not only came aboard but piloted us to our moorings and later steered us to a wharf where we could take in water.

They asked ten rupees at Colombo for a Bill of Health. I thought this altogether too bad and left the port without one, for we had never been charged for a Bill of Health in any foreign port. A Bill of Health is merely a printed statement saying, "Good health is enjoyed in the country,

N O R T H W A R D H O !

etc." Below is a copy of one given me in Gibraltar and is marked "gratis."

A. No. 04893.

BILL OF HEALTH,
Port Department,
Gibraltar.

WHEREAS British Yacht called the "Sirius," whereof H. Nossiter is Master, navigated with two Men, exclusive of the Master, is now about to proceed to Sea.

THESE PRESENTS CERTIFY, that Good Health is enjoyed in the City and Garrison of Gibraltar, and that there does not exist therein Plague, Asiatic Cholera or Yellow Fever;

AS WITNESS the seal of the said City and Garrison hereupon engraved, this 7th day of May 1936.

J. W. TAMPLIN,
per Captain of the Port.

Gratis.

The officials in Colombo cannot be blamed for they were very courteous and obliging. Their duty was to carry out the regulations, which are definitely hard on yachtsmen and do not encourage, therefore, a visit to this port.

CHAPTER XI

ACROSS THE ARABIAN SEA TO ADEN

And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin trace.

—“*The Omnipresence of the deity*,”
Robert Montgomery.

ON Monday at six-forty a.m., the 30th December, we weighed anchor under power, cleared the breakwater at six-fifty a.m., and then set sail. We then passed the “Marechal Joffre” coming into the harbour. I particularly wanted to thank the Captain for his courtesy in giving us our position in the Malacca Strait, and was sorry that he had not arrived the day before.

The pilots waved goodbye as we passed their station, and we were soon well out upon the next long stage of the cruise.

This represented another stage of our journey, and the longest distance between ports on our voyage to England. It was also the first stage of the trip with only three as crew. This meant a little more work for everyone and the rearrangement of watches at night. So I took from seven p.m. to 9 p.m. and five a.m. to seven a.m., whilst Harold and Dick took the other night watches of two hours on and two hours off. We found this worked very well; it being just as difficult, or easy, to tumble out after two or four hours' sleep.

We had a light north-east breeze to commence with, but it freshened later and we were shortly bowling along at eight knots with the wind on the beam.

As usual, we all welcomed the change to sea again just as we always welcomed the change ashore.

On Tuesday, 31st December, we did our record run, so far, of one hundred and eighty-four miles by the log and one hundred and eighty-five miles actual distance from noon of the day before to noon on the following day. We should have passed the two hundred mark but for a considerable drop of wind before noon. Strange to say, this record was done with the trysail, which, for convenience, being short-handed, we used instead of the mainsail; but on the 2nd January we changed over to the large mainsail when we experienced lighter winds.

For three days after our record run we got light winds, but, on the whole, the prevailing wind was the north-east monsoon, and from the 4th to the 10th the monsoon blew at from force 3 to 6 and from the direction of North to East. Sometimes we had the balloon set and often the spinnaker, but the wind was mostly just aft the beam, and in consequence we were never worried about gybing. It was pleasant sailing, though we were kept busy, with someone always at the wheel, the adjustment of sails and other work to do.

Dick now made an awning for the cockpit, and this was used when the sun shone directly overhead or for rain.

Flying fish often came aboard here at night and we got our largest during this stretch of our cruise.

One day, when looking at the log-line, I thought it felt light. It was not pulling much and I felt that the rotator had gone, but on getting it aboard I found that though the rotator was all right the cord had been nearly bitten through by some fish and would not have lasted much longer. So a lucky premonition saved the rotator.

At nine-thirty p.m. on 8th January there was an eclipse of the moon. I did not see this so am putting my son's description down here, exactly as he wrote it in his diary:—

“On my first watch I had rather a queer experience. I was steering, half asleep, and took a look out and found it was pitch dark. I looked to the sides and astern—all dark, the wind had fallen and the sails were flapping.

“I knew it should be bright moonlight, but there were no clouds. I started to feel queer and looked around for phantom ships. I thought I must be dreaming. Then I saw that the moon was covered, an almost total eclipse had taken place, and I hadn't seen its progress—it may have been a total eclipse.

“All the rest of my watch I watched the moon and when I left there was still only a little of it showing.

It was very queer the way I first saw it. The falling wind freshened immediately after I had discovered what was wrong.”

The days gradually became cooler and the weather better as we sailed north-west. On Fri-

day, 10th January, at eight-thirty a.m., the wind freshened to a squall from north-north-east and increased to gale-force at eleven a.m., with a rising sea. From ten to eleven a.m. we averaged nine and a half knots. The sky became cloudy and the sun was obscured for the first time since leaving Colombo. With all sail the yacht was putting the tail well under at times, and tearing through the water like a thing of life. But as the wind further increased I had the mainsail double-reefed and this eased her considerably though we still made good way.

The wind now remained at gale-force all day, and the seas increased, sometimes coming into the cockpit, but as the sky cleared at dusk the wind eased, although it still blew hard. During the night we took a few seas aboard. They would also break on her side, sending up showers of spray.

On the following day the weather gradually moderated but left a confused and nasty sea. Whilst I was steering at night, with the wind almost dead aft, the boom swung over with the rolling and the yacht gybed, breaking the preventer-guy which should have kept the spar from coming across. It struck the runners and broke in half with a crash, and owing to the heavy rolling the broken parts swung dangerously about.

I shouted for the watch and we quickly lowered the sail and secured the wreckage. Fortunately no damage had been done by the broken spar, and after this we carried on with the small spinnaker and staysails. Even under this rig we

registered a speed of from six to seven knots all night.

Next day I decided to make the boom good by scarfing and glueing, and Dick worked on the repair all day. This would, of course, mean shortening the mainsail a little, but we could well afford to do this as it was rather large for ocean-work. In the interval I set all kinds of weird sails to make up for the deficiency. An old jib topsail at the back of the mainmast, and, with the assistance of the big spinnaker, we made good progress.

Early on Wednesday morning, the 15th January, 1936, we were approaching Aden, and were off a barren rocky coast with splintered spires rising from the sea. Most of the Aden area is like this, and although no green meets the eye there is a certain majesty and grandeur in these barren, jagged peaks; especially at dusk when they stand silhouetted against the sky.

I carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Flood Cook, a pilot there, and he met us when we arrived on the 15th. We also arranged to stay with him while in Aden.

At night we went to a picture-show, the building of which had no roof as it seldom rains in Aden; but the very night we visited it rain fell, and whilst some left their seats the majority stuck it out.

On the following day we were driven to the Crater, the old town of Aden, built in a bay on the coast. The road was tunneled through a mountain and by the Turks hundreds of years ago.

Above Crater are the tanks of Aden situated in a valley between two rocky volcanic mountains. These tanks, which constituted Aden's water supply two thousand years ago, were built by cementing over the sides and floor of the ravine, and by building spillway above spillway to the top of the gully, so forming a number of tanks. One inch of rain, which Aden experiences about once every ten years, is sufficient to fill and overflow these tanks with millions of gallons of water.

While in Aden we had an opportunity of seeing how the Arabs build their dhows, and as they have done for thousands of years. Every plank is hand-sawn, and some of the tools are very crude. I watched a workman drilling a hole through planking, and timber in which to drive an iron spike. It must have taken him five minutes to drill one hole with the bow and leather thong which he used in place of a brace and bit. Some of these dhows are enormous craft. They are all iron fastened and have the clean lines of a yacht with a spoon-bow.

We were also taken to see the salt-pans where the water from the sea is caught and runs from basin to basin, becoming denser as the sun dries out the moisture. The salt here is of very good quality and is exported to India to enrich the ground for growing rice.

We also made friends with many officers of the Navy stationed here, and they brightened up this otherwise dull place.

One night when dining aboard the H.M.S. "Cygnet" the Captain showed me a message he

had received saying that the "King's condition showed diminishing strength." He died that night, and the next day all flags were flying at half mast, whilst sorrow reigned where brightness had been and guns were fired to represent his age.

One night, after dinner at Mr. Besses' home in Crater, we witnessed a Mohammedan-Indian wedding. The streets were filled with great singing and shouting crowds. Flares lit up the street, drums and cymbals crashed, and fireworks were let off, while in front of the crowd marched men with flares on long poles which they swung round their heads, scattering people to right and left. This ceremony goes on through the night and lasts about three days.

When here I made inquiries of the Aden Port Trust about some bands and glue to fasten the scarf of the broken boom. One of their people suggested that they should make me a boom out of an old telegraph post that was hanging in their shed. It was rather old, with many shakes, but I thought it would do and inquired what the charge would be for the spar and making it into a boom with my old fittings. He replied from fifty to sixty rupees, but that it would not exceed the latter figure. To my surprise, on completion of the work, I was presented with a bill for about eighty-six rupees.

I naturally complained, and after some further argument found that, though I had finally been willing to pay the excess amount, the new boom was not to be become my property after all.

As I could not delay any longer at Aden, being behind my time schedule, I left early the next morning, but asked a friend to arrange to send my fittings to Suez. These, however, did not arrive and I had to get new fittings made in Plymouth.

I found, too, that the cost of supplying and making up a new spar in Plymouth was about half the amount the Aden Port Trust wanted for their telegraph pole and prepared by coloured labour.

I could not leave without grave risk, but at the same time I could not submit to such treatment. Fortunately, on looking around the yacht, I found a couple of iron cheeks I decided could be rivetted to one of the spinnaker-poles, and so would serve as a goose-neck fitting.

To enter the Red Sea, known for its reefs, gales and head-winds, with only a light spar for a boom, was certainly a grave risk to the yacht and to our own lives, but in the circumstances it could hardly have been avoided.

The English in the East appear to live on the whole better than they do at home, and to keep a large staff of servants, which can hardly be avoided as the native will only undertake one job. As a consequence a certain proportion of the white population takes little exercise and drinks quite a lot. Life in the East seems to start at five in the afternoon, and many do not dine until about nine p.m. There is also a great barrier between the white population and any person with even a suspicion of colour.

This is not so in Australia, where ninety-seven per cent. of the population are of British stock. So, with a white Australia policy, Australia should never be worried with such race problems as may occur in some countries bordering the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER XII

THE RED SEA, SUEZ CANAL AND PORT SAID

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!

—“*The Corsair*,” *Canto I, Stanza I.*

WE weighed anchor at six-fifty a.m. on the 22nd January, 1936, and with only the main and fore-staysails set left the harbour, saluting our friends on the destroyers. But owing to the distance separating us they evidently did not see our signal for it was not returned.

There was little wind when we emerged so we were able to get things in order and anchors stowed.

Dick rivetted the two iron plates I had decided to use to a spinnaker-pole and we fastened this to the fitting on the spider-bands. The pole itself was not long enough for the mainsail so when the work was completed we bent and hoisted the trysail. We then set the jib, upper staysail and spinnaker, and with a freshening breeze sailed at a good speed.

The wind further increased as we approached Perim, which we passed at ten p.m., and before morning blew at gale-force, so that we were able

to log nine and a half knots at times during the night.

At five-fifteen next morning we lowered the trysail to check our way as we were approaching land. We had been logging eight knots on this stretch, and the current should have been in our favour. With these two factors we thought we might be approaching the Arabian Coast bordering the Strait between Jebel Zukur and the Hanish Islands. We were not quite sure as we had not been able to check our position since sighting Ras Fatma light at two-fifty a.m., and as the Strait was only about twenty miles wide it did not give us much room to spare.

At daybreak we saw land on either side and at seven-thirty a.m. it was blowing so hard, with such a sea running, that I decided to reef the trysail.

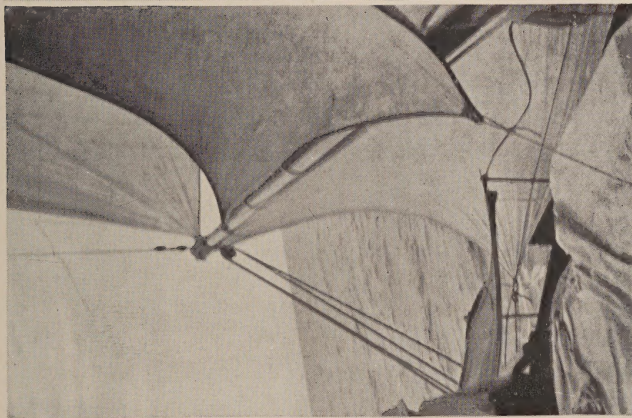
We sighted Abu Ail lighthouse at ten a.m. and were able to check up our position and get again on to our course, but the wind remained at gale force all day and great seas roared and hissed behind us, some breaking over the quarter, though never over the stern.

At seven-thirty p.m. we lowered the trysail, as by the log we were only about twenty miles off Jebel Zebayir light, and here there was supposed to be a strong current in our favour. This light was shown on the chart as being visible at thirty miles, but the sailing directions stated that it had been moved to a different part of the island. A position-line of the sun just before dusk put us fourteen miles off the light and a star-sight crossed with this put us only six miles off at eight p.m.

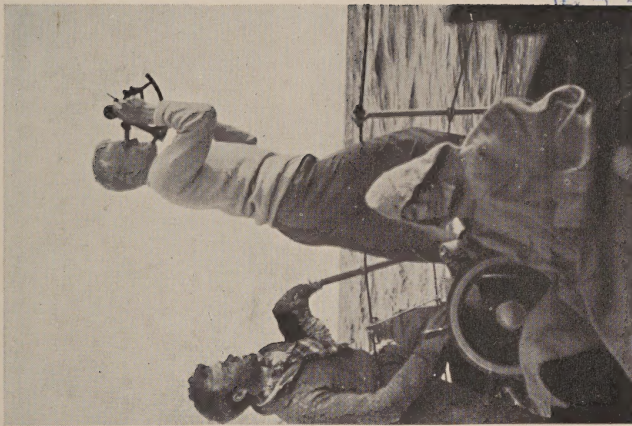
We therefore hoisted the trysail again and sailed due west until eleven-fifteen p.m., when we altered course to north until we picked up the light dead ahead at twelve-forty-five a.m. If we had kept on sailing and waiting for the light to appear, which it did not do, we should have sailed straight on to the Jebel Zebayir island, and with the heavy sea then running would have stood little chance of saving even our lives.

After this incident the wind commenced to fall and at eleven-thirty p.m. on the 24th we were rolling about in a dead calm, which lasted till three-thirty in the morning, when a light south-west breeze sprang up. These conditions lasted for the following two days, though now coming mostly from the north-east.

On the 27th the breeze was a little stronger and coming mainly from the south-east, so I set a course to take us across to the Arabian coast as the wind is more favourable on that side than off the African shore. I made use of some small jibs as water-sails to make up for the absence of the big mainsail. The trysail was hoisted high up the mast so bringing the end of the boom to about ten feet from the deck; and a jib was set from the end, bringing the head to the mast. Then, from the spider-band to the foot of the mainsail, which was triced well up, I set another sail, bringing the head to the clue of the trysail, thus filling in another space. Under the main-staysail I set another water-sail and still another from the end of the bowsprit to the end of the forestaysail boom. All this more than made up



SIRIUS IN THE RED SEA; WATER-
SAIL, TRYSAIL AND JIB SET ON
ROOM.



A COLD WINTER DAY IN THE RED
SEA.

BOSTON
PUBLIC
BRARY

THE RED SEA

for the loss of the large mainsail and considerably increased our speed.

I have now come to the conclusion that when faced with long passages it is better to have a smaller mainsail set, and make up for the loss, in light winds, by setting extras such as I did on this occasion.

On the 29th June Dick caught two large barracoota which were very good eating, and made up for the loss of flying-fish which had not come aboard since we left Aden.

There is said to be great refraction and strong cross-currents in the Red Sea but we experienced neither. There was never any difference between our sun-sights during the day and star-sights taken at twilight, and our dead reckoning position always agreed to within a few miles of our actual position.

These fair winds seemed too good to last and we daily expected to have the wind ahead. But at one-thirty p.m., on 29th January, a squall from the south hit us, accompanied with torrential rain. We promptly lowered the spinnaker and topsail in teeming rain, but this squall did not last long and the wind settled down again into a light breeze.

We noticed, too, that the days were getting gradually cooler and on Friday, 31st January, we passed out of the tropics by reaching latitude $23^{\circ} 30'$.

On the morning of 30th January we were treated to a calm and in the afternoon the wind blew hard from the north-west. The sea rose quickly and the wind gradually reached gale

force, so I reduced sail to trysail and forestaysail.

I found that with these two sails set she was well balanced and sailed well with the wheel lashed, so requiring no attention from the helmsman. At night, in consequence, and as we were out of the track of steamers, we let the yacht sail herself, occasionally taking a glimpse to see that everything was right.

On the next day the wind gradually dropped and we had calms and light to variable winds onward until Saturday, 1st February, when it worked up from a fresh south-south-easter to a gale from the west-north-west. At one on Sunday morning we hove to once more under trysail and forestaysail. A few hours later the wind dropped somewhat and we hoisted sails only to lower them again at ten-fifteen a.m. when the wind freshened. Again it fell light and again we hoisted sails but at eight p.m. on an increase to gale force we hove to; though, during the night, it fell again, and by noon of the following day had dropped almost to a calm.

In this part of the world a sea gets up almost as quickly as the wind. The short, confused chop brought by gales in these waters was very trying for a small vessel such as the "Sirius" and made it almost impossible to sail against it. During these gales also the air became very cold, forcing us to don jerseys and coats. Everything above deck became encrusted with salt, owing to the unusual amount of brine in the Red Sea, and when the sun dried the water off our decks were white with it; the hatches and cockpit, too, were caked, and it played havoc with the varnish. The

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sails dried out like boards and became very difficult to handle, frequently taking the skin off hands and arms when brushed against.

On 4th February we had a light south-south-east wind and at noon sighted Shadwin Island. We feared that this fair wind also was too good to last, but it carried us through Jubal Strait; a piece of good fortune for us as the strait is only eight miles wide in one place, and with reefs on either side. Had the wind not changed when we reached the entrance it would have been dangerous work tacking through at night against a head-wind, with many ships passing to and fro.

Early next morning the wind fell away, and for a few hours we had light, variable airs which meant frequent changes of sails all the morning. But at noon we met a medium east-south-easter which worked around to the north-north-west in the afternoon.

The coast on either side of the Gulf of Suez seemed to be more or less sand, backed by barren, rugged, mountainous highlands.

On the 6th February, after spending a very trying night of light and variable winds, though a little better in the morning, we dropped anchor at one p.m. outside Suez Harbour breakwater, and later entered the harbour and moored in a sheltered basin alongside the destroyer "Anthony."

Whilst Harold went ashore for fresh provisions Dick rowed over to the H.M.S. "Anthony" with a request to keep an eye on the yacht whilst we went ashore, but learnt that she was leaving on the following morning. The officers invited us

aboard, where we met First-Lieutenant Lewis and his wife, both Australians who knew some of our friends, and later they visited us on board the yacht.

Next morning the "Anthony" sailed, and we dipped our ensign as she departed; then went for a drive through Port Thewfik to Suez. On the way we stopped to look at the locks connecting the higher waters of the Nile with the canal. Our road then passed through flat ground, actually the mud from the canal and levelled off to make rice-fields. We also drove through Suez and saw the old town that legend says Christ visited, and which is now fallen to ruin.

That afternoon a representative of the Canal Company came on board to measure the yacht for the purpose of assessing canal dues, which amounted to a little under four pounds, and next day we tumbled out at five-thirty a.m. in order to make an early start for a trip to Cairo by car.

The morning was cold as we drove along a straight road over sandy and pebbly desert, across undulating plateau lying at the foot of a range of hills. We passed little else but a few camels feeding on sparse clumps of grass occasionally seen in this desert-like country.

After about two hours' drive we caught sight of the tops of minarets and white-domed buildings rising above the sandy horizon. Cairo came into view suddenly out of a barren desert; an oasis in that sand and rocky waste, with the River Nile running through it, and also a mixture of East and West in its buildings.



(Left) FISH CAUGHT IN THE RED SEA (Right) CAREENED AT SUEZ
(Lower) VESSELS OF THE NILE

THE RED SEA

We first breakfasted, and then drove out to the Pyramids, and also the short distance on camels to the Sphinx.

The Pyramids and Sphinx, standing as they do in the desert, though picturesque were rather disappointing as I expected something much larger and grander. They are not, to me, anything like so interesting as the relics from Tutankhamen's tomb we saw later in the Cairo Museum.

The tombs at the Pyramids, though empty, were also very interesting, for they are built of huge marble slabs, some about twelve feet by five feet, which are supposed to have been brought by dhows, or dragged across the sand, from a quarry many miles away.

In one tomb is a kind of courtyard with marble pillars which probably once held up the roof. From the sides of the vault run low-ceilinged passages which lead to the vaults where the mummies were placed.

Driving along the Nile banks we came to a bridge before which were a number of native boats waiting for it to open. These boats were all heavily loaded and were down to only a few inches of freeboard. They were rigged with latteen sails from a long slender yard fastened to the mast by rope-grammet. These sails set perfectly and carried the boats along with the slightest breath of wind.

We then visited the Cairo Museum, said to be one of the richest in the world, and certainly the richest and most interesting part of the museum is the section devoted to the contents of Tutankhamen's tomb. These are amazing in their wealth

of gold, precious stones and delicate work in different designs. There were chairs plated with gold and inlaid with different coloured stones. The king's swords, bows and arrows, his chariots, beds and thrones, were all in a perfect state of preservation after those thousands of years.

Coffin after coffin was displayed. The first a large one, then others smaller and smaller, one fitting into the other, until came the coffin that actually held Tutankhamen's body. This was of gold inlaid with beautiful stones, and with the head of the coffin moulded to the same features as those of the king.

We also saw Mahommed Ali's palace, that of the Turk who conquered Egypt and put the king to death. It was crumbling to ruin but what was left still kept the atmosphere of former grandeur.

We were told that five hundred years ago the Great Pyramid was stripped of its outer casing of granite and a huge mosque built with the material. It seems rather like vandalism, but the mosque is certainly a fine, high-domed building and a good record of workmanship of five hundred years ago.

On the 9th of February the yacht was moved to Suez Creek, under engine power, there to be careened on a sand bank at the edge of the canal, as she had again become very foul. An Arab named Hassan undertook the job and employed another Arab and an Egyptian to help him. They started by putting a coil of rope under the bilge to prevent her laying over too far. The tide ran like a mill-race and we had three anchors to hold her, but, as the tide fell, she heeled and soon we

THE RED SEA

were crawling about the deck and cabin like flies. They cleaned and painted the starboard side before dark, and at midnight, when the tide turned, they listed her to the other side.

We naturally spent a very uncomfortable night, sleeping against the bunk-board for the first half, and on the yacht's side for the remainder of the night. Matters were not relieved in any way by the men, who slept on board and grunted, snored, and scratched themselves. The morning, too, was bitterly cold, but we were up early to make the best breakfast we could under these trying conditions. We found that the work on the port side was more thorough because the yacht lay over at a more acute angle for this to be done. Actually they were able to clean right down to the keel on this side.

I at first thought we might have some trouble to get her off again next day, but as the tide rose a little higher than on the day before she came off easily at one-fifteen p.m.

The Suez Canal Harbour Master, a very courteous Frenchman, sent us an invitation by launch to anchor in the Canal Company's own harbour, and we accordingly went there and tied up in smooth water alongside an old tug.

As a fact, we were never better treated anywhere. Even some of the canal officials visited us, and the Harbour Master himself gave us every assistance whilst in the port.

We went over one of the Canal Company's large tugs which is held in readiness to render assistance to any vessel on fire or grounded in the canal.

One of the Company's pilots, R. A. de Kerdrel, also called on us and drove us at dusk to the Company's club, the International, where we met several officials. M. de Kerdrel was an enthusiastic yachtsman and expressed a wish to come part of the way through the canal with us, which I very gladly consented to. He was not our official pilot, however, for on small vessels such as ours only men of the rank of boatman or master-of-launch are placed, and de Kerdrel ranked as a first-class pilot.

We left Suez on the 13th February, with a Greek to pilot us as far as Ismalia. He was quite a decent chap; a seaman in the employ of the Canal Company, and was quite pleased with himself on being placed in control of the yacht. De Kerdrel, with all a yachtsman's interest, was itching to steer the "Sirius" and offered to take the wheel over and over again, but the Greek, evidently misunderstanding him, or probably thinking he was trying to rob him of some of his glory, resolutely stuck to the wheel until we were well on our way, shouting to passing vessels, and the stations on the shore, "Australian, Australian," so letting all and sundry know from whence we came.

A fresh westerly wind blew in the canal, so allowing us to sail until the canal twisted towards the west, but then the wind veered to the west-north-west, and as the canal is too narrow for tacking we were forced to lower sail and use the engine. But later, when entering the open water of the Bitter Lakes, we set sail again and beat

through these in a thirty-mile per hour wind with M. de Kerdrel at the wheel.

Night was closing in when we reached the north end of these lakes, so we moored for the night at "Deversoir" Station.

We had enjoyed M. de Kerdrel's company and Madame de Kerdrel met us here, so, after taking afternoon tea on board, they both left us.

The Assistant Station Master came aboard after dinner and invited us to his house for a game of bridge; the first game we had had since leaving Sydney. He asked me whether I would mind if he and his little daughter accompanied us as far as Ismalia. So we left, under power, with them the following morning at seven-ten a.m., and arrived at Ismalia at nine-ten a.m., where our passengers and the Greek pilot departed.

Ismalia we found to be quite a pretty and well laid-out town. Through the gardens runs a narrow canal from the Nile, along which sail Arab dhows, so giving, from a short distance, the appearance of sailing across the grass in the gardens.

The following morning we left Ismalia with an Italian pilot who talked politics. This man was of very definite opinion that his country had got nothing out of the war whilst other countries had obtained colonies, and that Italy had great need for expansion as she was over-populated.

He also informed me that there were two and a half million Italians in Australia; but when I pointed out that the population of Australia was only six and a half million all told, of which ninety-seven per cent. were of British stock, he

did not appear to believe me, and declared that the schools taught otherwise. He also went on to say that the British colonies had had enough of the last war and would not help Great Britain were she embroiled in another, and furthermore that she would not succeed without the help of the colonies.

During our stay at Suez we had noticed many Italian troop-ships and supply-ships outward bound to Abyssinia, and also returning hospital-ships.

We had passed a crowded troop-ship in the canal with our Italian pilot aboard, and as we came abreast of her he called out in Italian, "God save Il Duce," which brought tremendous cheering from the troops. I have seldom seen such enthusiasm and emotion as was displayed by those men, and it showed what a strong hold Mussolini has over his people.

We arrived at Port Said at two-fifteen p.m., rowed ashore and spent the evening at a picture-show. It is not a very pleasant place for there are beggars everywhere.

Whilst in Port Said I called on the British Consul, and also on the Commander of the H.M.S. "Active," who paid us a visit on the yacht on the day we left.

Throughout the small area of Egypt we visited I noticed a growing feeling of Egypt for the Egyptians. One heard murmurings of discontent from these people to the effect that they are not free. But how long would they exist as a nation without British protection? Alone they would be the prey of any ambitious country that wished to expand.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA — SPINALONGA AND CRETE

For me, my craft is sailing on,
Through mists to-day, clear seas anon.
Whate'er the final harbour be
'Tis good to be upon the sea.
—“*The Voyage*,” John Kendrick Bangs.

WE weighed anchor at twelve-fifty-five p.m. on Tuesday, the 18th February, bound for Crete, and cleared the two outer lights of Port Said's long breakwater at one-forty-five p.m., entering the Mediterranean for the first time. The wind was north and we were able to lay our course accordingly.

The next day the wind blew hard from the west-south-west and we experienced a very uncomfortable sea, taking water over the bow. At two p.m. a violent squall burst upon us, with heavy rain, and we found it necessary to reduce sail. The *Mediterranean Pilot* states that January to March are the worst months in the Mediterranean and it can well be believed. It was even worse in our case for the weather was unusually bad that year, making it necessary to beat against head-winds most of our time.

At eleven p.m. on Friday, 21st, the wind had worked up to gale-force from the north-west, and

we were soon sailing under trysail and forestaysail. At three o'clock the next morning it became worse and we were obliged to heave-to under mainstaysail. All the following day it blew well above gale-force and seas crashed against us, enveloping the yacht in flying spray, making it necessary to screw boards over the skylights to prevent the seas smashing them. We found the Mediterranean seas quite unlike those of an open ocean; they are short and steep, and seem to come from different directions, so making it far worse for a small craft than did the long rollers of recent experience.

The gale commenced to abate on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday morning we set sail once more in a westerly wind which backed to the south and south-east during the day. Shortly after midnight it veered again suddenly to the west and blew hard. At six-thirty p.m. on Tuesday morning it was blowing again at gale-force from the north-west, and we hove to once more under mainstaysail, but during the afternoon it dropped to a medium breeze, which eventually backed to the west.

The weather had been a succession of high and low pressure systems, the low pressure bringing head-winds and gales from the north-west and the high pressure favourable, light winds.

Although we had been hove-to most of the time since leaving Port Said, we had not made much lee-drift, for with the mainstaysail we had sailed ahead a little, and in view of this I think it is better, if possible, to heave-to without having one sail to leeward and another to windward.

When heaving-to with the trysail and foresail (both sails to leeward) we let her sail herself, lashing the wheel and really making way. When it blew harder, which had been the case a lot lately, I used the mainstaysail with the wheel hard up.

On the 26th February we sighted Kaso Island and were very pleased to see it. The wind also fell light but leaving us tumbling about a lot in an old sea; and this was the first time since entering the Mediterranean that we had been becalmed at night. On the following day we were sailing along the coast of Crete in smooth water, with sunshine and a fair wind.

The hill country that lay back from and followed the coast was covered with grass and scattered clumps of bush, but it seemed few trees grew there. Behind these coastal hills rose higher mountains capped with snow; passing clouds brushed their summits and cast moving shadows across the white peaks.

I decided at this stage to put into the first good harbour we could find before dusk as we were all rather tired after the bucketting we had experienced in the recent gales, and wanted to avoid another night at sea if possible. So, as Spinalonga Bay, thirty miles East of Candia, seemed the most sheltered anchorage we entered there about five p.m. on Thursday, 27th February.

The entrance to this harbour is marked by an old and picturesque island fort, with crumbling walls and houses about it. We anchored off this as we saw people moving about and thought of landing and inquiring about a better place in which to moor. Just as we were about to do this we

saw boatmen coming across to us from the mainland opposite, so waited till they arrived. This proved to contain four Greeks of which one was a policeman. Not one of them could speak English, but they pointed further up the bay and kept repeating the word "Imperia," at the same time making signs as of an aeroplane flying. We up-anchored with their help, motored with them further up the bay and moored off a white launch which looked like a motor-yacht. This was the "Imperia," and turned out to be the Imperial Airways base-ship. The Greeks left us here and took with them some packets of our English cigarettes, which they all prized as the duty on such in their country is almost prohibitive.

We found out later that the old fortress, below which we had contemplated landing, was a leper settlement.

The captain of the "Imperia" very thoughtfully sent over some bread and eggs as we had mentioned to one of his officers, who came over to see us, that we were out of fresh provisions.

The wind blew hard all the next day, coming down from the surrounding hills with such terrific force that I was forced to put out an extra anchor.

The captain of the "Imperia" invited us aboard to look over his trim little ship. She was about one hundred tons and was used as a depôt ship for keeping in touch by wireless with the flying-boats which land at Spinalonga Bay to refuel. She was also kept in readiness for putting to sea to salvage any of the Imperial Airways machines forced to come down at sea.

During the afternoon we went ashore, walked to one of the villages nestling amongst the hills, and found it to be made up of flat-roofed houses, white-washed and built of stone and mortar. Rough cobbled streets and lanes wound amongst the houses making a quaint and pretty picture with its church-spire rising above them all.

Our stroll through this quaint, old, sunlit township was accompanied by boys and girls, and the gaze of curious men and women. Pigs, dogs and fowls ran in the streets and yards of the houses, or basked in the sun.

The roughly cobbled roads were of hard, round stones bordered by low, stone walls, and on either side were small plots of land also divided by stone walls. Some of these plots were cultivated and on others cattle, sheep and a few asses grazed.

In one of the streets we met a Greek shop-keeper who had spent some time in America and so could speak a little English. He promptly invited us into his store and gave us wine and nuts but refused to accept anything in return.

At another small township upon the water's edge we found the Customs officer, who invited us by signs to have coffee with him in a shop, nor would he also let us return his hospitality. These people, away from the cities, seem to have entirely different manners from the types we met under a more sophisticated environment.

During our stay we also walked a little way into the country, along a cobbled road, bordered by olive trees, which ran by farms, green fields and some windmills turning slowly in the wind and used for grinding wheat. The road at last ended

and became a track leading over a hill. Here the soil, although rich, was covered with a mass of stones. In many places the ground had been cleared and the stones piled up to make fences. Here, and on the surrounding hills, these stone-walls ran for miles.

The peasants were very good-natured and hospitable. When we stopped at one of the farms to buy vegetables the owner promptly supplied them but refused payment, making signs that we were strangers and their guests.

Old customs and traditions obtain here. Girls are strictly brought up and never allowed to mix with the opposite sex unless accompanied by their parents or brothers. Fathers have to supply the daughter, when she marries, with a dowry according to his wealth. A family of girls is a great hardship as a poor man has to start saving for his daughter's dowry from the time of her birth, and many men receive their start in life with the dowry they get with their bride. So strict is their sense of morality that some time ago a brother who shot a man for seducing his sister only received one month's imprisonment.

Here are the remains of old cities that have been buried by earthquakes, and much ancient pottery is found by peasants when digging in the fields.

We travelled one day by launch to quite a thriving town called Saint Nicholas, some distance from where we were moored. We had to pass through a small canal and under a little bridge to reach there, and found a marked contrast between the quaint costumes of the peasants and the modern clothes worn by the townspeople.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

We also had an opportunity of examining several planes that arrived during our stay, and it was interesting to watch the captain of the "Imperia" sending up small balloons to test the strength of the wind in order to advise planes *en route* of weather conditions.

It blew hard for the first two days after our arrival, and on one of these the service stopped running, but afterwards they came with regularity, and were refuelled here during only half an hour's stay in each case whilst passengers went aboard the "Imperia" for a smoke and refreshments.

Altogether the weather was beautiful, with clear, bright, sunny days, and just sufficient nip in the air to make walking pleasant.

CHAPTER XIV

CANDIA — PALACE OF KING MINOS AT KNOSSOS

I walked beside the evening sea
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only: "Dreamer, dream no more."
—"*Ebb and Flow*," George William Curtis.

We left this fascinating and unspoiled spot at six a.m. on the 5th March, bound for Candia about thirty-five miles away.

We had at first a light wind but it fell away for awhile and later freshened only to fall away again and leave us becalmed. Then, quite without warning, I saw disturbed water ahead and a sudden squall came down upon us. We lowered jib and topsail just in time, for it blew with great violence from off the land. It, however, enabled us to pass behind the breakwater at Candia just before dark.

The Sailing Directions warn mariners against these squalls, which, during the winter months blow with special violence among the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and vessels have often been dismasted by them.

We stayed in the outer harbour as I did not like the congested state of the basin. This had been the harbour before the breakwater

CANDIA—PALACE OF KING MINOS

was built, and it was full of fishing and trading craft.

We noticed on one side of this basin a trading boat being cleaned. She had been pulled down by block and tackle from the masts until on her beam-ends.

At the entrance to this basin is an old fort built by the Turks of stone with battlements which run out into the water and form a breakwater. Above the fort rise the masts of several fishing craft and behind this can be seen the white buildings of the town, whilst away in the far distance rises a high mountain, its summit covered with a white mantle of snow.

I called on the British Vice-Consul, who was a Greek and proved the most efficient British Vice-Consul I had then met. He was not only very courteous but arranged things with the Customs and hired a car to take us round Candia and Knossos, where we saw the markets and some of the narrow streets which were built when the Turks had possession of Crete. On either side of these narrow streets were houses behind high stone walls, quite Moorish in appearance.

We also visited the museum and were shown many relics taken from King Minos's Palace at Knossos, also a number of Roman sculptures.

Some of the exhibits were as old as three thousand years B.C. There were also numerous implements of copper, which must have been of a very hard quality, for there were even copper razor-blades.

During our absence ashore a barquentine had

sailed into the harbour, flying the English flag, so we went aboard her and found that she was owned by a Maltese firm, with a captain of Italian descent, but now a British subject of Malta.

Next day we visited the ruined Palace of King Minos at Knosses, and were shown round there by a Mr. Polychronides, to whom we had been given a letter of introduction from the captain of the "Imperia." He proved to be very well informed on the subject of Knossos, and explained every detail to us.

We were told that the ruins were uncovered by Sir Arthur Evans about thirty-five years ago, and that the palace was destroyed many times by earthquakes or fire and then rebuilt.

The first houses date from before 3000 B.C. and the palace from about 2100 B.C., but with many alterations and additions since. It was finally destroyed about 1400 B.C. and the sand and soil of centuries had covered the remains till revealed by the recent excavations.

In some places a few sections of these ruins have been remodelled to give some idea of the style of architecture and colour. It must have been an enormous building with cellars and three floors. In the former could be seen the pits and jars in which wheat and wine were stored. The floors and walls were flagged with gypsum, which had crumbled away in places where exposed to the weather. There were many rooms with corridors and steps leading to all the different parts of the palace, and altogether it was a labyrinth of winding passages covering a large area of ground. The



(Upper) RUINS OF THE MINOS PALACE AT KNOSSOS
 (Lower) SKIPPER AND CREW AT THE PYRAMIDS

walls were once adorned with frescoes, the remains of which are to be seen in the museum, and everywhere we walked were pieces of broken pottery.

The ground surrounding the palace seemed to be composed of powdered mortar, fragments of pottery and stones from the walls. The drainage system from bathrooms and lavatories had been cleverly thought out, and fresh water was carried through the palace by the aid of clay pipes similar to those used to-day for drainage. In the Queen's bathroom was her bath; an almost exact replica of those used in bathrooms to-day. The throne of King Minos was a simple gypsum chair with a high, straight back, and, although it was obviously not used with cushions of any kind, was so made that one could sit on it in perfect comfort and ease.

We were fortunate in meeting Mr. Hutchinson, the curator of the museum and ruins, who invited us to his house, which was formerly the residence of Sir Arthur Evans.

He showed us there a splendid Roman statue, minus the head, which had been dug up recently near by. We were also shown the remains of a Roman villa, found only a few feet beneath the soil on the same property. It possessed a wonderful mosaic floor, designed out of small pieces of coloured marble, and showing a remarkable representation of some of the gods. Marble pillars, which apparently supported the roof, lay where they had fallen and broken in several pieces.

Knossos has apparently only been tapped as far as excavations are concerned, and there seems

N O R T H W A R D H O !

little doubt that if the whole place were excavated many more wonderful remains would be brought to light. Everywhere around here are pottery remains and the peasants working the fields frequently bring to light other remains of this very old civilization.

CHAPTER XV

PIRÆUS — ATHENS

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
—“*Don Juan*,” Byron.

WE weighed anchor at noon on Monday, the 9th March, bound for Piræus, the sea-port of Athens, with the wind dead ahead from the north-west. It was a beautiful, sunny day, with a calm sea, and we sat on deck watching the snow-capped mountains behind Candia growing dimmer in the distance and then disappear from view as night grew on.

The wind still remained ahead on the following day, and on the 11th dropped altogether, but a fair breeze came at night and in the early morning of the 12th, when off Milo, we could see the buildings of Piræus in the distance, and as we approached the port sighted several Greek destroyers and submarines manœuvring and at gunnery practice.

We entered the harbour at one p.m. and picked up a pilot, who steered us to a berth at the southern end behind a small breakwater, where we moored between two yachts, with an anchor out at the bow, and stern lines on to the breakwater. So, in the afternoon, I placed my feet on European soil for the first time and in the town of Piræus.

It did not, however, impress us as an interesting

place but as dirty and dusty with poor looking people and rather mean dwellings. The harbour appeared to be full of idle ships, although a lot of shipping calls there.

On the 14th we journeyed to Athens by electric train, and found a marked contrast here in the fine buildings and monuments, and especially in some of the picturesque, hill-top ruins. We saw the Acropolis, too, perched on the top of its perpendicular limestone cliff. The ruins here are really wonderful, especially those of the Parthenon, the temple dedicated to the Goddess Athena. Truly a piece of beautiful architecture, and apparently some of the buildings in the City are built on exactly the same lines.

From the Acropolis, too, one has a fine view of all Athens and the ruins below, including the amphitheatres. But we thought Athens rather spoilt by the poor buildings and narrow, dirty streets that lay on the outskirts of the town.

CHAPTER XVI

THROUGH THE CORINTH CANAL TO CEPHALONIA

All earth's full rivers can not fill
The sea that drinking thirsteth still.
—*"By the Sea," Christina Georgina Rosseth.*

WE weighed anchor again at six-fifty-five a.m. on the 17th March, bound for Cephalonia. We started under power but as soon as we had cleared the harbour I stopped the engine and set sail. The day proved one of squalls, showers and variable winds, and at seven p.m. we dropped anchor for the night in the small harbour at the entrance to the Corinth Canal.

A Canal Official, who could not speak English, came on board outside the harbour and collected the canal fee of eight hundred drachmas (about thirty shillings). Then I went ashore later to find some of the canal employees, and made arrangements by signs, and by pointing to a clock, that I wanted to go through early in the morning and fixed it for seven a.m.

Next morning we entered the canal, under power, at the appointed time, and found it an imposing sight. A cutting through a rocky hill with sides that rise steeply to a height of three hundred feet halfway through. It is about sixty feet wide

and has a depth of four and a half fathoms throughout its length. It was in fact quite awesome to make the passage in the early morning with that sheer, gloomy wall on either side. But a bridge spanning the cutting in one place relieves the eerie bareness of the rocky sides.

We passed through at seven-thirty-two a.m. and motored out of the further harbour into the Gulf of Corinth. The engine was then stopped and sails set to meet a light, north-westerly wind. This changed an hour later to south-west, fell away into a calm and then freshened again to dead ahead from the north-west. During the day it increased to nearly gale-force but fell about midnight, though all through the night it rained, in company with a very low temperature caused by the snow on the high mountains that border the Gulf.

Next day the wind began to freshen from the east, and by nightfall was blowing a strong breeze. That night we passed through the Patras Strait, and had an anxious time in its confused waters trying to pick out certain lights from amongst the number flashing around us; then, towards morning, we reduced sail to avoid reaching our port before daybreak.

While passing through the Gulf of Corinth we were treated to some beautiful scenery. High, snow-capped peaks seemed to almost overhang the shores on either side. Sometimes passing clouds would throw moving shadows across their summits, and sometimes the sun would turn the snow to a glistening white and throw up the deep ravines between the adjacent hills. In places



(Upper) MOORED OFF ARGOSTOLI, CEPHALONIA.
 (Lower) PASSING THROUGH THE CORINTH CANAL

the hills came gently down to the sea in sloping, grassy plateaus, whilst rising serpent-like into the blue sky could be seen the smoke from houses belonging to the small, scattered villages nestling at the foot of the mountains.

Daybreak on Friday, 20th March, found us off Cephalonia and close to Argostoli, the capital of the island, so we entered the harbour and moored off the town at eight-thirty a.m., and while having breakfast a Customs officer came on board, to whom I handed my papers. He was accompanied also by a ship's chandler and one of the two or three people on the island able to speak English.

We found Argostoli rather interesting, with clean-looking buildings and wide streets. Perhaps this first trait is inherited from the English, who once possessed the island. From the yacht the town made a pretty picture with its artistic two or three-storied buildings and a few scattered spires. It is built on the side of a low hill and down to the water's edge. We went for some pleasant walks around it and in surrounding country, accompanied by beautiful weather for the whole of our stay. Strange to say, we did not find any British residents here although it is not so very many years ago since this, and other Ionian Isles, belonged to Great Britain.

We found that the Greeks seemed to like the British better than other nations, in any case they were very friendly disposed towards us.

Throughout the East we found English spoken everywhere and that we should be answered in

NORTHWARD HO!

English if we addressed any prosperous-looking person, but in the Mediterranean French seemed to be the popular language. In any case, most Greeks we met spoke French and only a few English; they also took a great interest in politics, from the humblest to the highest.

CHAPTER XVII

VALETTA — MALTA

He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.

—*"The Course of Time,"* book 4, line 389,
Pollok.

WE weighed anchor for Malta at two-thirty p.m. on Monday, the 23rd March, with only a small-scale chart and no sailing directions. I had intended going to Italy and had obtained charts for that portion of the Mediterranean, but changed my mind on hearing of numbers of vexatious regulations; one, for instance, that you would have to get your Bill of Health endorsed by the Italian Consul in any port you leave for Italy, and for which there is a fairly high charge.

We had a fresh south-east wind for the first two days which changed to east on Wednesday, the 25th, but, early on Thursday morning, dropped to almost a calm with heavy rain. We then discovered by sights that we had been carried to the south by a current, and were now, according to our reckoning, about twelve miles off the island, though we could see nothing but a bank of cloud where Malta should have been. Dick therefore took some more sights in order to check up on this; about two hours later we sighted the island, covered in cloud, about five miles off.

At one-forty-five, however, a north-west squall hit us and blew at gale force, so that, as we had, as already mentioned, a very small-scale chart and no Sailing Directions of Malta we expected to have some difficulty in finding Valetta Harbour, but were fortunate in sighting two wireless masts, and in seeing some mine-sweepers enter the port. These we followed, with the wind still blowing hard, and we moored near the Customs House at three p.m. on Thursday, 26th March.

After the Customs officers had left us Lieutenant Thomas, of H.M.S. "Despatch," guard-ship for the day, came aboard and asked certain particulars concerning the ship and our cruise, then very kindly invited us that night to dinner at the Union Club.

The dinner was a good one and when about to leave we were introduced to some brother officers of our host, who invited us to a game of pool with them.

After we had played, without much attention to the rules, one of the officers proposed taking us to a place called the Rexford—rather a notorious dancing hall in Valetta.

There were many girls there of different nationalities, mostly Austrians, available to dance with anyone who, in return, would buy drinks or stand them a supper.

After staying there for a while I left with Lieutenant Thomas and another of the officers for the yacht, and my boys returned later.

The secretary of the local Yacht Club, Paymaster-Lieutenant Clover, also made us honorary members and entertained us at his home. We



(Upper) MOORED IN VALETTA HARBOUR
 (Middle) MIDSHIPMEN OF H.M.S. AUSTRALIA CLEANING
 THE YACHT'S BOTTOM AT MALTA.
 (Lower) THE "FATIGUE PARTY" AFTER THE PROCESS

were also hospitably entertained on several occasions by the naval officers of the ships in port and Australians in the Navy and Air Force called on us, so helping to make our stay in Malta very enjoyable.

We noticed that all the beaches around the island were protected by barbed wire entanglements, due to expected trouble with Italy, which, however, did not eventuate.

At the beginning of these troubles the fleet was ordered to Alexandria, and many of the wives and families of the officers left to join them. After this I understood the wives and families of the officers of reinforcements were not allowed to go to Malta, and the Maltese complained bitterly of the bad times due to the absence of the Navy. A number of civilians also left Malta during the war-scare, so making matters worse for the Maltese.

One day we were driven to the old capital, where we bought Maltese lace. It was a picturesque-looking walled-in town, and its narrow, winding streets take one back to scenes in stories of hundreds of years ago such as the *Arabian Nights*.

On one occasion we were the guests of Squadron-Leader Ranson, who took us over the seaplane depôt at Calafrana and invited us to lunch at his house.

H.M.S. "Australia" arrived at Malta on the 3rd May, and the commander and officers were very hospitable. The midshipmen even offered to clean the bottom of the yacht by diving as we could not get her slipped in Malta; so the after-

noon before we left ten bright lads arrived with brooms and cleaned as much of the bottom as was possible in the circumstances; the keel, of course, being hard to reach.

During our stay we visited the fine Armoury and other places of interest. A great part of Malta is a labyrinth of tunnels used as a final retreat years ago. They extend underground for many miles and people have been known to enter them and never return.

I was very amused by the way milk was delivered by the goats themselves. These are driven round the streets from door to door and milked in front of the house where it is consumed.

To us Malta was a charming place, with its old-time buildings and beautiful country; its fascinating batches of coloured clover—as we saw it in the spring—contrasting with the green grass, whilst all around is the sea, sparkling in the sunshine, and flooding its pretty beaches and bays around the rocky shores and quaint villages of an hospitable people.

The Maltese boatmen were having such a bad time, due to the absence of the Navy, that one old man asked us not to throw any scraps overboard but to give them to him as times were so bad and he needed food. I employed him, and others, after hearing this, to take us ashore, though we were only a few feet off the pier, moored by an anchor from the bow and a line from the stern to it.

CHAPTER XVIII

STORM TOSSED IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN

A strong nor'-wester's blowing Bill!
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Uphappy folk on shore now!

—“*The Sailor's Consolation*,” *William Pitt*.

WE increased the number of our mess just before leaving Malta by shipping a young cat, which I named Oliver Twist as the animal was always meowing for more food.

At nine a.m. on Tuesday, 7th April, we weighed anchor and cleared the breakwater under power, then hoisted sail and, with a light wind, shaped course for Gibraltar. A squall came down upon us at about six p.m., but did not last long, though, later, the clew of the trysail carried away and had to be lowered to effect repairs.

For the next two days the winds were variable and mostly ahead, but on the 10th the barometer fell rapidly and, at one a.m., we experienced a short-lived squall from the north-east. Later in the morning the wind came from the north-west and we tacked all day. In the afternoon it freshened considerably and at six o'clock was blowing with gale-force accompanied by an increasing sea.

NORTHWARD HO!

At four-forty-five a.m. the next morning we hove to under mainstaysail for by this time the wind was blowing with increased force, and a heavy sea was running. But at nine-fifty a.m. came an abatement so we set sails again and continued close-hauled.

For a short interval on the 13th we experienced a fair wind from the south, then it blew hard and tore the spinnaker, but soon settled down again to a north-wester, right in our teeth. At eleven p.m. it was blowing with gale force, so we reduced sail to trysail and foresail only.

At one-thirty a.m., in a rain-squall, the forestaysail tore across the leech and had to be lowered. In its place we set No. 2 jib, but not without difficulty as the yacht was pitching and rolling in the heavy seas and the sail was wet and hard.

Here is an extract from Log and Diary of happenings during the worst gales experienced at sea, for five days, from five a.m. on the 14th April, 1936.

I mention the barometer frequently to show its variation during these gales; and the force of the winds, which blew mostly from west to north-west.

14th April, 1936—

5 a.m.—“It’s your watch, Dad.”

“What’s doing?”

“Oh, as you know we lowered the forestaysail during the night, but the wind fell since so we set the mainsail at 3 o’clock at the change of our watch.” Winds from the west.

My watch, seas making and wind increasing.

6.30 a.m.—Seas are coming aboard and I have refrained from calling the crew for an hour and a half, not wishing to disturb their sleep, but must rouse them now as the yacht is laying over a lot and taking seas over the bow, so call, "Harold" and "Dick." Grunts from both and remarks to this effect: "Is this b-weather going to last for ever." "Lower the mainstay-sail, and we will carry on with staysail and trysail," I say. The sail comes down and is secured. But the wind makes all the time.

7 a.m.—Harold prepares breakfast. Informs me we are out of bread but there is half a pound of butter left. Start on biscuits.

7.30 a.m.—Breakfast ready. All hold on to their plates as the yacht rolls with the sea. Milk spills on Dick's lap. He swears, thereby relieving his feelings. "Is it ever fine in this part of the world," grumbles Harold.

"What about the sunny sky and blue seas of the Mediterranean?" says Dick.

"Damn that cat," said Harold, pushing the cat away from his plate of porridge, where it had been lapping the milk as he went to the galley to dish up a stew.

"If any water comes aboard it will find me," I remark, as a rush of water comes in through the half-open skylight and finds its way down my neck.

The meal goes on with Oliver Twist meowing for more.

8 a.m.—Breakfast over I go on deck (fortunately on a work or hove-to she steers herself).

I find things worse, decide to heave-to with main staysail and call watch below.

"When is a man going to get a rest," grumbles Harold.

"Can't you wait until we clear away," says Dick.

"No," I replied, as seas wash the deck from fore to aft.

Then down comes the small jib; both lads are hanging on forward and pulling the sail in with the seas washing the deck, whilst I am at the wheel keeping the yacht from coming up to the wind.

"All hands on to the trysail."

This sail is lowered on to the gallows. The yacht is then without any sail and rolls a lot but is quite safe. The only mishap is with things tumbling about down below such as a few plates doing a slide and a few knives on the floor. The lashing is then taken off the main-staysail, this set and the wheel brought hard up. The yacht is now hove-to under this sail and is slowly forging ahead, laying about 5 points off the wind and making a lee drift.

8.30 a.m.—"Whilst you are on deck take in the torn forestaysail and change it for the No. 2 foresail," I shout above the roaring of wind and sea. Grumbings at the weather, mutterings about why it can't be done some other time as they go forward and change the foresail. The No. 2 is ready to be hoisted when the wind moderates.

9.30 a.m.—I call Dick on deck to take a sight as there comes into view a glimpse of the blue

STORM TOSSED

sky. I watch the chronometer whilst Dick twists and turns to compensate for the rolling of the yacht and at last shouts "Right" and then goes below to work it out, while Harold kneads some flour for a damper to take the place of the bread.

9.40 a.m.—I call Harold hurriedly on deck to see some very heavy rollers. He forgets the slide is down and bumps his head and abuses the slide, sea and the Mediterranean.

9.50.—Dick reports the position and I look over the chart to see the distance we are from land and whether we should be on port or starboard tack.

10 a.m.—Harold reports the cat has misbehaved himself. I tell him it's his business as he brought the animal aboard. More profanity, the cat is punished and put in the cockpit; but it makes so much row there in the cold that it is taken below again, with a caution as to what will happen to it next time.

11 a.m.—Harold reports the glass to be rising. No cheers as it often blows harder after it commences to rise. Prospects bad, but the cat sleeps on and there is temporary peace aboard, though not for long.

11.30 a.m.—Harold commences to prepare lunch.

11.35 a.m.—I call Dick to take a sight as the sky has cleared a little. Whilst Dick is scanning the sky to locate the sun, seen only fitfully through rents in the clouds, a sea gets him and his sextant. He finds relief by saying things about the water which reflects on the sea's parentage.

NORTHWARD HO!

Noon.—Position $38^{\circ} 2' N.$, $8.30' E.$ Run 63 miles.

12.15 p.m.—The wind has abated a little but a heavy sea is running. Whilst down below in the saloon we heard a huge sea roaring down upon us. It struck the yacht with a terrific crash and laid her over at an angle of 45° , sending me flying across the cabin. I was temporarily stunned from the effect of my head striking the edge of the port bunk-board.

12.30 p.m.—Lunch. Harold dishes up a potato pie, as we have large stocks of potatoes and he is afraid they will start growing. Dick and I both compliment him on his excellent dish. We like potato pie and wish to encourage him to make another one to-morrow, knowing he is not fond of it.

Started the meal in silence not wishing to wake the cat, but Dick accidentally made a noise, woke Oliver Twist with a start, and there was no peace except when he was eating.

After the potato pie came damper biscuits and jam, with tea to top it off.

1.30 p.m.—I looked out and reported sky clearer.

2.30 p.m.—Harold reads a little. Dick washes up.

3.30 p.m.—Crew both tired out and sleep, whilst I watch. The seas rolling by, sometimes splashing aboard. Think how cruel they are, and how much life is like the ocean with its ever-changing moods, its altering colour, its fickleness and cruelty when they break and seem to want to take one to their depths.

4.30 p.m.—I awake Harold to prepare dinner.

5.20 p.m.—Wind has moderated. I call crew to set trysail and foresail. We make way but

STORM TOSSED

- the wind is still against us. Barometer 29.90.
- 6.15 p.m.—Dinner. Stew composed of remainder of potato pie, tinned meat, onions and corn-flower.
- 7 p.m.—My watch. Wind falling.
- 7.40 p.m.—Put her on the starboard tack as, with the wind changing slightly, we would do better on that stretch. Barometer 29.95.
- 8.30 p.m.—Lowered trysail as wind had fallen right away and boom swinging about with the rolling.
- 9 p.m.—Dick's watch.
- 9.20 p.m.—Drifting, variable wind.
- 11 p.m.—Harold's watch. Difficult to wake him.
- 11.40 p.m.—Set trysail. Went about on port tack owing to change of wind to south.
- Midnight.—Barometer 29.95. Rolling about a lot due to absence of wind.
- 15th April, 1936—
- 12.30 a.m.—Drag myself out of bed to look at the weather and see if all's right, as sometimes the man on watch falls asleep when not steering.
- 1 a.m.—Dick's watch. When called abused the weather so loudly as to wake the cat.
- 3 a.m.—Harold's watch. Hard to wake. We lowered trysail with groans because wind had dropped.
- 5 a.m.—My watch. Set trysail again as light breeze blowing. Harold disappears until breakfast. I steer and watch the dawn of another day as the yacht sails the troubled sea; whilst the sun rises above the horizon, the deck dries and fine weather comes once more.

NORTHWARD HO!

8.30 a.m.—Set big spinnaker topsail and watersail. Wind light. We are glad of a respite and dry our wet clothes in the sun. The glass which has been falling is now 29.70. It has stopped but we know the fine weather will not last long, because, as is generally the case, the wind blows harder when the glass first commences to rise after being low.

10.30 a.m.—Lowered spinnaker and watersail.

Noon.—Position $37^{\circ} 51' N.$, $8^{\circ} 29' E.$

Travelled 10' due south since yesterday. Why we travelled due south when we were heading north is a mystery. A current must have borne us in that direction when becalmed.

2 p.m.—Set small jib. Barometer 29.88. The wind, which has been variable, is now north.

4 p.m.—Barometer 29.84.

9.30 p.m.—Lowered small jib.

Midnight.—Barometer 29.70. Wind increasing and blowing from the east.

16th April, 1936—

4 a.m.—Barometer, 29.55.

4.45 a.m.—Lowered topsail. Wind now ahead from the north-west, light, but the sky looks bad.

5.15 p.m.—Wind freshening with threatening clouds.

5.45 a.m.—I call the crew to lower trysail and forstaysail as now blowing a gale. They curse the weather and I think me, too, under their breaths, for wakening them. The work is done quickly in a terrific rain-squall, in which we are all wet through. The sea is making again and we are now hove-to on the starboard tack under mainstaysail.

STORM TOSSED

8.30 a.m.—Wind has moderated a little and from the west. Went about to port tack.

10.30 a.m.—Set trysail and forestaysail as wind a little lighter.

Clocks put back 1 hour to G.M.T.

10.20 a.m.—Had not been below long, after the sails were set, when heard the wind freshening and felt the yacht lying over. I went on deck. The sky was awful. I called the crew just as another terrific squall struck us. The yacht put the lee rail well under and the water came almost to the cock-pit-combings. The masts were bending and shaking alarmingly as though about to break and go over the side. We lowered the trysail anyhow, letting the boom down without trying to place it on to the gallows, then rushed forward to get the foresail down, as the wind was too much for the foremast; with only the forestaysail set that mast still shook and bent with the strain of the gusts. We were now only under the mainstay-sail and yet the main-mast bent. The seas had not yet had time to be very heavy but the wind was lashing them into fury now, blowing the tops off in showers of spray.

These two morning squalls are the hardest we have ever experienced up to now and are of almost hurricane force. The masts had never bent so before, even with all sail set in hard squalls.

Went below when everything was straightened out and again changed our clothes, for we were dripping wet in spite of our oilskins.

Noon.—Position $37^{\circ} 58' \text{ N.}$, $6^{\circ} 55' \text{ E.}$ Run 74

miles. Barometer 29.82. Wind still blowing very hard from the west.

9.30 p.m.—All day long the wind blew with gale force, moderating at times, but only to increase again in terrific squalls with rain. Some of the squalls blowing at force 11. Between these the wind dropped to about force 6, but, just as we would begin to imagine the wind to be dying away, it would freshen with increased violence. The sea, which was not bad at first, made all the time, and at 9.00 p.m. a wave crashed over the after hatches, the slide of which was partly open, flooding Dick out of his bunk. His opinion of this particular sea is not for publication.

The crew are all fed up (I have had enough). We curse the Mediterranean and deride the man who talked of its blue sea and sunny sky. I think the boys would have murdered him had he been present. Even some instinct must have told the cat something was wrong, for he was moody and quiet, which was unusual, but he bucked up at meal-times.

The cook acted up to his reputation and never let us down. I don't know how he did it but there was always a meal cooked, even if he had more trouble to cook it than we had to keep it on our plates. I give him full marks.

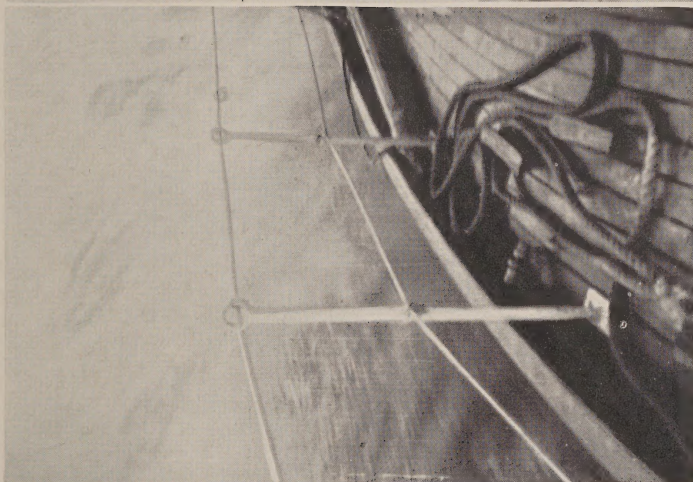
Midnight.—Barometer 29.80. Wind force 6.

17th April, 1936—

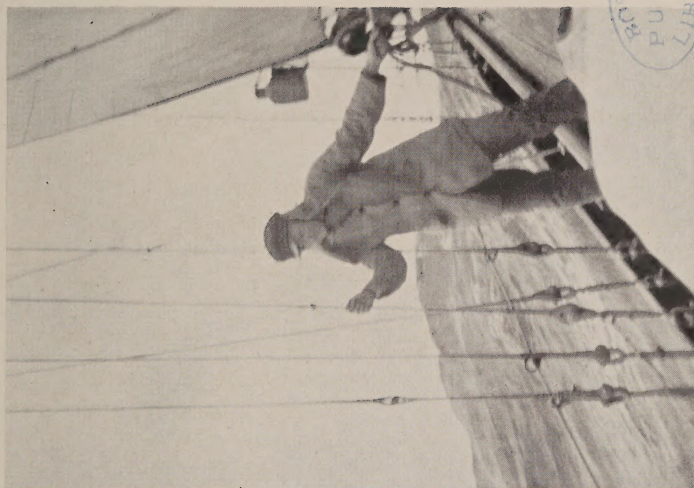
4 a.m.—Lull in weather.

7.30 a.m.—Wind freshening again.

During the night the wind blew hard at times, with rain-squalls, reaching force 8 and 10, but



STORMY WEATHER IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN



HOVE-TO IN THE MEDITERRANEAN



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not so strong as during the day, and the sea moderated towards morning.

8 a.m.—Barometer 29.85.

11.20 a.m.—For a while the wind had been easier and I was going to increase sail when another violent squall struck us, accompanied by heavy hail this time, and was the hardest blow I have experienced on sea or land. It put the lee-rail well under water with only the main-staysail set. I think I am not over-estimating the strength of this squall when saying that it was force 12. I was about to lower the main-staysail and go under bare poles, for the mast was bending and the stitching of the sail was becoming loose in places, when the wind suddenly eased.

11.40 a.m.—We are still hove-to as the wind though lighter is very strong. We wonder when the storm is going to cease and whether we shall reach Gibraltar this month, as time is flying. We did intend to call at some port before Gibraltar, but this gale has delayed us so long that I have decided to go there direct. The crew are repairing the torn forestaysail, as it might have to be set in the place of the main-staysail should it carry away, for the stitching is still coming away in places.

Noon.—Position $38^{\circ} 30' N.$, $7^{\circ} 13' E.$ Run 35 miles N. $26^{\circ} E.$ true. Barometer 29.90. Sea very rough. Went about to starboard tack.

1.10 p.m.—Wind increasing, now force 10.

3 p.m.—Sea increasing. Barometer 29.94. The gale blowing at force 10 with high and confused seas. We wonder where all this wind is

coming from and what has caused such a blow. Everyone including the cat is fed up. I don't know how we should live in some yachts under these conditions as the motion of the "Sirius" is easy, and the space below so open and airy. In yachts with small cabins it would be unbearable below in such a blow as this, for we cannot leave the hatches open.

The glass is rising a little after being 29.55 at 4 a.m. yesterday, the lowest reading on the voyage. We are watching it closely to see what happens next.

4 p.m.—A sea came aboard through a partly-open skylight, flooding the cabin table where Dick was reading, some finding its way on to the cat who vented his displeasure with a dismal cry, almost drowning Dick's comments.

8 p.m.—Barometer 30.02. Wind force 11, with short confused seas. Just prior to this there was a lull in the storm and the wind fell almost right away but has come back with a squall of great violence, accompanied by lightning, thunder and the heaviest hail I have ever seen, which has half filled the cockpit. The decks are white with ice, in places inches thick, with spray hissing on to the hail and washing it down to the bulwarks.

Midnight.—Barometer 29.99. Wind force 10. Seas knocked down a little through hail and rain.

18th April, 1936—

1.30 a.m.—Wind still ahead from north-west. Gybed to port tack. Wind force 11.

7.45 a.m.—Gybed to starboard tack.

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During the night the wind blew very hard with big seas crashing against us, but nothing solid coming aboard. The bulk of the seas always passing under us; what we got aboard were mostly the tops, but these were bad enough. The yacht rolled and pitched and we were unable to sleep long. I was frequently on deck watching the mainstaysail which I was afraid might carry away in some of the squalls. I never thought it was possible for the wind to blow so hard and continuously.

8 a.m.—Barometer 30.06. Breakfast.

Noon.—Still blowing hard. Position $38^{\circ} 17' N.$, $70^{\circ} 41' E.$ Run 24 miles S. $58^{\circ} E.$ true.

4 p.m.—Barometer 30.17.

8 p.m.—Barometer 30.23. Still hove-to. Wind blowing hard but a little easier. We spent most of the day below as it was too cold and wet on deck. All our wet clothes are piled up in a heap awaiting a fine day to dry. I have just one more change and the boys are in their last dry suits. I think the weather will clear now as the glass is consistently rising.

Midnight.—Barometer 30.23. Wind falling.

19th April, 1936—

7 a.m.—As wind was still falling we set sails and were once more under way after being hove-to for 3 days. The sun shone and we made the most of the change.

During the last period we were hove-to we did not drift or lose very much way as we were slowly forging ahead all the time.

We missed Oliver Twist at lunch to-day and when he failed to appear for dinner we became

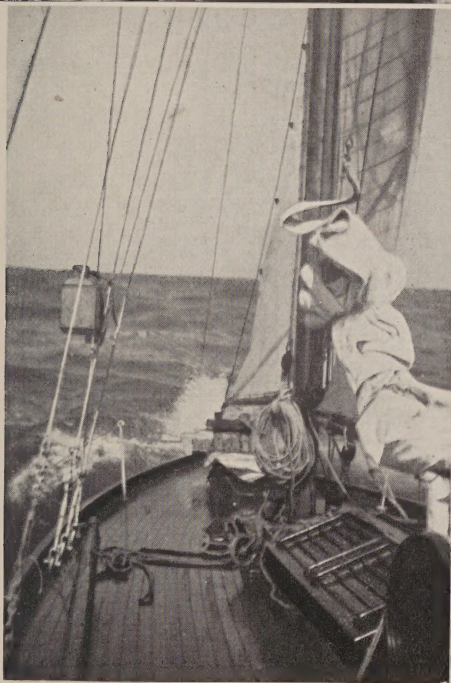
alarmed for his safety, as he had never missed a meal before. But after looking in the store-rooms, bilge, lockers and drawers we came to the conclusion that he must have been washed over-board.

The wind changed in the afternoon from west to south-east and we made fair progress, but at night clouds began to gather and the wind changed to north-west. On the 21st it was mostly north and bitterly cold. At dusk we lowered the mainstay-sail as the wind was increasing, and at midnight it was blowing at gale-force again. The following day we were hove-to once more, with a gale blowing from the west, which continued all through that day and night.

On the 23rd April the wind eased and we set the other sails. An exhausted bird came aboard, flew into the cabin and made itself quite at home there. Another came aboard on the following day and allowed Dick to pick it up. I threw crumbs and placed water for them but in the course of time they disappeared. These birds evidently brought good luck for the wind changed to east on the 24th, and we made fair progress on the 25th.

At three-fifty-two p.m. on the 25th we crossed the Meridian of Greenwich and were about to celebrate the occasion when a sea came aboard and through the open skylight, letting a quantity of water into the cabin. It was blowing hard from the east at the time, and our first fair wind since leaving Malta. We then had light, easterly winds for the rest of the journey.

On the 28th April the wind freshened towards



(Upper) COOK MAKING FRIENDS WITH AN EXHAUSTED
BIRD IN THE MEDITERRANEAN
(Lower) IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

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morning and the big spinnaker, which we had carried all night, tore away at the clew, taking with it about forty square feet of cloth.

By noon we were abreast of the Rock, and moored in the harbour at 1.25 a.m. after a most trying passage.

Shortly after we arrived the officer of the guard came aboard and asked to see our authority for flying the blue ensign, and although I think the question quite right we had never been asked previously to show our authority.

Gibraltar was very like that which I had always pictured, and I recognized it far out and miles before we came near it. The Rock is most imposing for there is grandeur in its ruggedness. At night the town-lights twinkle at its foot and end suddenly a little way up, leaving the towering rock black and forbidding in the semi-darkness.

There is one main street in Gibraltar and numerous side streets and alleys branching from it. Some of these latter lead to flight upon flight of steps which take one some distance upward. On both sides of the rock are huge cemented areas used for catching rain-water, which is led in diverse ways to a reservoir.

We visited an old Moorish castle built some distance up the rock. Inside is a wooden spiral staircase, replacing the old, stone steps which have fallen but which at one time reached to the top of the building. There appeared to be only one floor with a few small, low-ceilinged rooms. A small verandah ran out from this floor, from which we had a wonderful view of all Gibraltar, the harbour and the warships lying at anchor.

Galleries, or passages, cut out of hard limestone during a siege many years ago, run round a portion of the Rock. There are also many openings, hundreds of feet above the ground, where guns are laid, commanding the surrounding country.

The gardens are unique and picturesque with their winding paths and pretty nooks almost hidden with flowers.

We also saw the house in which Nelson's remains were pickled in a barrel of rum.

The people, who are mostly of more or less Spanish descent, seemed quite happy, and sailors and soldiers were everywhere.

I also saw the Chief Constructor of the Dock, Mr. Hannaford, about slipping the yacht, but the price quoted was too high and therefore I deferred docking her until she reached England.

Mr. Hannaford, however, invited me to his home on two occasions, and he and his wife were very kind to us. But what I looked upon as the greatest kindness was the placing of their bath at our disposal. This means something to a yachtsman, for owing to the limited supply of water, bathing, unless it rains, is generally confined to salt water.

We visited La Linea, a Spanish town, and passed under an avenue of Australian gum-trees on our way. It was not, however, a very interesting place; the streets were cobbled and the whole town had rather a poor look.

For some time we endeavoured to get across to Algeciras, but were unable to do this until a few days before departure owing to strikes which prevented the running of ferries. We found it a much

STORM TOSSED

better place than La Linea, for it possessed a fine hotel and very excellent gardens.

We also saw a bull-fight on Sunday, while there, and it was not particularly gruesome. The bull was teased as usual by the Toreadors, and several of them were hurt by the bull. One man was thrown completely over the bull's head but, strange to say, he was not injured.

The arena was in the open air but the seats under cover, and a quarter of an hour was given for the disposal of the bull from the time he entered the ring.

CHAPTER XIX

GIBRALTAR TO PLYMOUTH

Look when the clouds are blowing
And all the winds are free :
In fury of their going
They fall upon the sea.
But though the blast is frantic,
And though the tempest raves,
The deep immense Atlantic
Is still beneath the waves.

—“ *Wind, Moon and Tides,*”

Frederick William Henry Myers.

WE weighed anchor at six-seven a.m. on the 11th May, and with a westerly wind started on the last stage of our cruise to England. We tacked through the Strait, but as the wind was light and the current against us we were unable to make much progress, though I stood over to the Spanish shore to get the most favourable conditions of tide and smooth water, where Tarifa looked very romantic with its forts, and background of green hills and pretty harbour.

We had time to-day to get things shipshape above and below, and to look around us as the wind was so light.

We entered the Atlantic Ocean on the 12th May and I was impressed by the calm water and absence of that beautiful dark blue of the Pacific we know so well.

GIBRALTAR TO PLYMOUTH

For the next few days we experienced smooth seas, bright sunshine, very light head-winds and now and then calms. The yacht hardly made any headway at times, just drifted along, peacefully and restfully but getting us nowhere. It was not until the 16th that the breeze freshened, though even then it was still ahead, but, after taking all day, we were off Cape S. Vincent at dusk, with a rising head-wind, which increased to gale-force but moderated next morning.

On the 19th it was squally all day with heavy rain at times, but in our favour, for it was blowing mainly from the south. We thus made good way and did better still when at night it worked round more to the east with heavy rain-squalls, but although we spent an uncomfortable night steering in the rain we were glad to make such good progress.

The following day the wind fell away again and the sun shone once more. We actually had very little wind after the blow just mentioned until the 22nd when it reached gale-force again right ahead of us, with heavy seas in which we sailed close hauled under trysail and forestaysail.

We passed clear of Cape Finisterre a little later and with light head-winds and calms entered the Bay of Biscay.

Despite the Bay's reputation the wind was so light here that we made little way and were practically becalmed for twenty-four hours. The sea was like glass except for a very slight motion. Our progress in consequence was very slow indeed, nor could we take advantage of light airs as we

might have done with a larger mainsail. Moreover there were long weeds showing near the water line and shells further down, both of which did not help matters.

On the 31st May we had calms and rain-squalls. It would blow hard for about an hour and then fall away again.

On the following day the wind was light in the morning, but freshened in the afternoon and came away from the west. We sighted Ushant at one-ten p.m., and with a favourable breeze sailed on till, at 10 a.m. on the 2nd June, we got our first sight of the English coast. After this the wind fell light again and dropped altogether when off the Eddystone Lighthouse. So, after drifting about for some time, I had the engine started in order to be able to reach Plymouth before dusk, and we eventually passed behind the break-water at five p.m., and moored in Cattwater Harbour.

The "Sirius" had come through the rough-and-tumble of the voyage very well indeed and as we subsequently found showed no signs whatever of strain.

We were not affected by sea-sickness during the voyage; never missed a meal and could always stay below in the worst weather without feeling any great discomfort. This was partly due to the vessel's easy motion and to the roominess of the saloon, cabins and position of the galley.

I later saw some beautifully-designed hulls of yachts in England, but a number are too boxed up below. Many vessels more than twice the size of the "Sirius" have not as large a saloon and

GIBRALTAR TO PLYMOUTH

I would not like to be aboard them in the tropics, or in bad weather. Roomy and open spaces below deck represent half the battle in calms and tempests; for it is then that fresh air, so necessary to comfort at sea, is required.

CHAPTER XX

ENGLAND

Beautiful Isle of the Sea
Smile on the brow of the waters
Dear are your memories to me
Sweet as the songs of your daughters.

So here we were at last, and on landing the next day on English soil for the first time I was met by Captain Money, Secretary of the Royal Western Yacht Club, and Commander Lush, the King's Harbour Master, also a member of the Club, who were on their way to call on me.

Captain Money drove me round Plymouth, invited us to lunch and did all in his power to make our stay in Plymouth pleasant. We were also made members of the Royal South Western Yacht Club, of which Captain Money is Commodore.

As the yacht had not been slipped since February, I made arrangements to have her hauled up on a slip of Mashford Bros. at Cremyll, where she went on the 4th June, when I found the bottom very foul. We were hauled up on ways by a slower process than our method in Sydney, for there the cradles are on wheels.

We were on this slip for about eleven days, and while there I had the sides and bottom painted, the deck erections scraped and varnished and a new boom made to replace the one broken during the voyage.

While the "Sirius" was laid up we availed ourselves of the opportunity of visiting the surrounding country, and travelled through Devon and Cornwall. I found this country very beautiful; everywhere a mass of green of lovely blended shades. Patches of dark green forests ending suddenly in fields of lighter green, and red ploughed soil separated by bushy hedges. Rolling hills and moors, quaint old thatched-roofed cottages, and low-ceilinged inns. Through it all run narrow, sunken lanes where grass and wild flowers brush the sides of the car as it winds its way up and down the hills, and across streams hidden amongst trees. How apt are the words:—

"For England home and beauty."

The Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and Lady Drax, very hospitably invited us to luncheon one day, and later the Admiral visited the yacht. We also made many friends in Plymouth and left there on the 16th June for Dartmouth.

Here we moored off the Royal Naval College, and were very kindly given a mooring by Rear-Admiral Holt, who did everything possible to make our stay enjoyable.

Whilst moored at Dartmouth I visited London for the first time. I had expected to see very crowded streets and great congestion of traffic, but found the streets of London no more difficult to cross than the streets in Sydney, where, for its size, the roads are just as crowded. The tubes appeared to be very well run and clean, but I cannot say the same of the suburban and country trains I have travelled in whilst in England, as I have not found them as clean in comparison with

the railways in Australia, and they do not run to such good time. For these reasons I avoided train travelling in England as much possible.

It was interesting to see the London sights, which are well spread over the City; the old and modern buildings vieing with one another for notice, the old interesting me most. Trafalgar Square intrigued me, with the populace feeding the pigeons, while all around were the rich and poor in close juxtaposition.

But what impressed me more and more with each visit to London was the peace and order obtaining in it, and the kindness of the people I met everywhere.

I thought to myself, too, how vulnerable this great city would be to an attack by air if war broke out with a near foreign power, and how necessary a strong navy is to protect her from the sea, as well as an air force to guard her from above. These were just my impressions as I wandered about, but feel at the same time that Britain should always stand for peace whilst being well armed and ready for war.

Whilst in London I was taken for a sail one Sunday on the Thames and was rather interested in the congested state of the yacht-moorings. I was amused to see how many yachts were laid on the mud and how careful one had to be to avoid going aground on the mud-banks. Such a grounding did not seem to create any interest. Yachting is certainly difficult for Londoners as they have to travel long distances to participate in the sport, and it speaks well for English yachts-

men that they can be so keen when the yachting centres are so far away from the large cities.

We left Dartmouth for Torquay on the 28th June, stayed there for a few days, seeing more yachts and the attractive three-masted schooner belonging to Lord Runciman.

From Torquay we sailed to Southampton; passed Cowes on our way, where numbers of yachts were moored, and saw the masts of more of them along the Hamble river. Off Hythe and around Portsmouth and Southampton were great numbers, from stately craft to small sailing-boats, and yacht-dinghys plying to and from the various jetties. Truly England is the home of yachting, but not yachting as we know it in Australia, for there one is able to get away into bays and rivers and be lost to civilization, as it were, with only trees, water and no sound but the songs of birds, or the wind whistling in the rigging. Where one can land on sandy beaches, fish or gather oysters from the rocks, or grill meat over a bush-fire. But what England lacks in cruising ground is made up for in racing.

We later moored off Hythe Pier, where the Royal Motor Yacht Club made us Honorary Members and most kindly placed their launch at our disposal.

I also saw the beautiful country around Southampton, and visited many towns in the neighbourhood.

I greatly admired the cathedrals of Winchester and Salisbury, quite different in their way, but must confess to thinking the placing of a model of a modern ocean liner in Winchester Cathedral

seemed out of place among relics of the olden days. Naturally an action of that sort is noticed by one coming from a new country where anything at all old is treated as sacred and kept apart, though probably not observed to the same extent by Englishmen as one sees everywhere here the old and new side by side. But old structures cannot last for ever, and new buildings must appear amongst the old.

Stonehenge gave much food for thought, and the New Forest was inspiring. As time wore on I saw more of this beautiful English country, was intrigued by Battle Abbey, paused where King Harold fell and walked on the beach on which the Normans landed.

We left Southampton on the 9th July, sailed in rain for Cowes, and dropped anchor in this historic centre of yachting. After mooring I noticed a few yards away a black, dismantled yacht moored to a buoy. I thought she might be the "Britannia" so rowed past in the dinghy and found she really was the late King's yacht. She still carried about her the remains of her former grandeur though dismasted and dismantled.

I happened to look out at eleven p.m. to see if the sky was clearing and saw two destroyers standing by, quite close to us. A launch then came alongside the "Britannia" and silently towed her to the stern of one of the destroyers, where she was made fast to the warship.

The day had been windy and cold, with rain and a threatening sky, but as the time drew near for the end of the famous yacht the sky cleared,

leaving black clouds only on the horizon, as though in mourning for the fine old boat.

The destroyer stood out in majestic outline in the night, with the black hull of "Britannia" lying some lengths astern. At eleven-fifteen p.m. the war-boat moved slowly ahead, and, like a departing spirit, the poor, dismasted yacht followed in her wake. So she, who had so well played her triumphant part, moved silently away to her last resting-place. As the destroyer turned and moved faster ahead with her tow the clouds gradually passed away, leaving a bright, star-lit sky for the old yacht's end, which came a little later when she was sunk by a bomb six miles out at sea.

Next day Sir Philip Hunloke, the late King's Sailing Master, came aboard and handed me an invitation from the Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron to use the Club House during our stay at Cowes, and this I greatly appreciated.

We were later made Honorary Members of the Royal London Yacht Club and the Island Sailing Club.

On the 17th July I received a letter from Sir Robert Burton Chadwick, Deputy Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, congratulating me and my sons on his own account, and on behalf of the wardens and members of the Company, on the successful cruise of the "Sirius" from Australia, and inviting me to lunch with him at the Royal Yacht Squadron. Sir Burton was also very kind in putting us up at his house during some of our visits to London.

On the 17th July I had an interesting race in

Mr. Isaacs Bell's yacht "Bloodhound," designed and built by Nicholson this year. She has all the latest devices for racing, including winches and a speedometer, and is a good type of ocean-racer.

The "Bloodhound" was moored close to us so we joined her early in the morning and left Cowes for Yarmouth. Mr. Nicholson, the designer, joining us on our way.

The race started at eleven-thirty a.m. and we did quite well by securing second place.

We noticed also that "Endeavour II" did not do very well at this race-meeting. Also, when she passed us on the final run home, I noticed six ropes trailing in the water on the port side, which could scarcely have assisted her.

Mr. Nicholson, a keen and knowledgeable yachtsman, when viewing the performances of J Class from the "Bloodhound," was rather philosophical about the merits or demerits of the four yachts racing. He had designed the lot, so whichever vessel won he as the designer could feel pleased.

I also sailed with Lord Churston in his yacht "Gauntlet" in the Channel race. It blew hard from the west, but we had one reef down and were doing very well when the reefing-gear broke. We retired therefore and put into Newhaven. This accident was very unfortunate as we were in a good position at the time.

My sons sailed in this race in the "Bloodhound," which secured first place, and in this yacht again in the Benodet race, when she came in second. They also sailed in the same yacht at Torquay and Gosport, where she won races;

and with Sir Burton Chadwick in the "Lady Edith" when she came in first in the Queen's Cup.

Cowes week was very interesting with so many yachts racing, and with so many stately craft moored in the roads. On the Friday we all dressed ship, and the gaily-decorated yachts made a beautiful picture viewed from either land or water. There were good sailing winds during the week, with the exception of Saturday, for on that day a light wind, ending in a calm, caused many a yacht to be towed home.

In English tidal waters one is faced with conditions that do not exist in most parts of the East, where it is safe to moor with one anchor. In the Solent, and other ports around Southampton, two anchors are necessary owing to the strong tide. Our dinghy frequently made a nuisance of itself by bumping the sides of the yacht, for it did not always swing the same way as the yacht: but I found a way out of this difficulty by tying a bucket on a rope and letting it drag some feet in the water from the stern of the dinghy. This made the boat swing in rhythm with the yacht. Again, the tide is a big factor in racing and local knowledge is of great importance here.

It is good to see the many different types of vessels in the harbours and bays of old England; from the small sloop, cutter, yawl, schooner and ketch to the stately three-masted vessel; all with a personality of their own which is so lacking in the purely racing craft, built to a formula, and which, to the layman, are more or less alike excepting for the colour of the hull or a distinguishing number on the sail. Ocean-racers are not

built so much to a formula and are a very serviceable type of yacht. This branch of the sport is going ahead, for much more interest is being taken in ocean-racing to-day than has been the case in the past. But, in fact, racing is very keen with all classes, from the J to the dinghys.

The J class are a draw to any regatta, and are a fine sight with all sails set. They are an example too of what can be produced to-day; but, owing to the enormous expense of running these large craft, I am of opinion that they will give way in time to a smaller type of vessel. There were only four racing this year, and I am inclined to believe the America Cup is the main reason for their existence to-day. In any case, great credit is due to the men who keep this class alive.

I find the English yachtsman to be keen on racing, and he is, moreover, a good sportsman. There seems to be no ill feeling, or offence taken, when a protest is made, often on the slightest grounds, and the complaint itself will be thrashed out thoroughly. We, on the other hand, are loth to protest in Australia because there such action is taken much more seriously.

Cowes has grown on me and I pen these last lines there, alone in "Sirius," for my crew are away in the "Bloodhound." It is night, with the moon rising over the Island Sailing Club, on whose pier we have landed many times; a few clouds cast shadows over the water, beyond which can be seen dimly the old Squadron Castle in which I have spent so many happy hours.

But what has grown on me more and more in this land is London. There is a fascination about

London and the more I saw of it the more I wished to see it again when away from it. There is a grandeur in its grandeur and a greatness in its greatness that is difficult to describe. In London you may be busy or idle, go gay or be lonely, lost or found, for no one bothers you there. In fact, if one thinks of heaven, dreams of hell and then strikes a happy medium—that is London!

We have been happy in England; kindred spirits everywhere; a people so natural and kindly that one leaves them with the deepest regret; for we have made many friends, and shall carry away wonderful remembrances of days spent in this the land of our forefathers.

Finally, I would ask those readers who have followed me thus far to excuse both literary faults and abrupt narration. I am no literary man, least of all a stylist, and this narrative has been hurriedly set down before the sailing of the "Sirius" again upon the other half of her voyage back to Australia.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

STORMY WEATHER

ON the approach of bad weather I always steered well away from land, as I contend that with plenty of sea-room a well-found yacht should be quite safe provided she is properly handled.

When running before a gale I always used the two lower staysails only, and with these as much as seven knots have been logged.

The mainstaysail would be well let out with the boom lashed to keep it from gybing, and the fore-staysail left with a little slack on the sheet. Like this, with the wheel lashed, "Sirius" would run before the wind and sail herself. By adjusting the sails and wheel we could leave her on any course with the wind aft of the beam.

We were never pooped by a sea with the wind aft, but often seas came aboard when the wind was blowing hard on the quarter. The canoe-stern seemed to be able to rise to any wave.

With a head-wind blowing at force 9 we used the trysail, or double-reefed mainsail, and fore-staysail. With these we would lay close hauled with the wheel lashed and could then go below and leave the ship to herself.

When sea or wind became worse we would heave-to under the mainstaysail only, lash the

wheel and lay about five points off the wind, going ahead a little and making a lee drift.

We rode out some heavy weather hove-to like this, and although the decks were washed for-and-aft we never took a real sea aboard, the bulk of each surge always passing under us.

I tried heaving-to under bare poles for a short time and the yacht was quite comfortable so, but I considered the drift would be too great under these conditions unless the weather was very bad and we had plenty of sea-room.

We did not pour oil on the troubled waters as we never found it necessary, but I think the use of oil would be of great help to smooth breaking seas.

I am sure it is only when a yacht is driven fast through the water in a gale that there is any real danger from breaking seas, for the faster she is driven the more likely she is to take a sea aboard.

I was told by a sea captain once that when in a terrific storm, and keeping his vessel head to wind, the engine broke down. "We all wondered what would happen next," he said, then paused and asked me, "What do you think happened?" I replied, "Nothing." He was surprised and went on, "Strange to say we came to no harm, though she rolled a lot."

I have seldom heard of a steamer foundering after losing her shaft, or through an engine being out of action. This also applies to a yacht when her sails are blown away, or when she has lost her mast: providing, of course, she is not on a lee-shore, for a careful skipper should not be caught

that way, but, on the approach of a storm, should make for the open sea. Quite a number of yachtsmen predicted that I would have trouble with my tall masts, but on the contrary I found they had a steadying effect in a storm. I will quote a rather extreme case.

My old yacht "Utiekah" had a mast forty-two feet long when gaff-rigged. I changed the rig to Bermudian and then placed a seventy-foot one in her. When, after making the change, I went away on my usual yearly cruise I found that with it she was if anything easier in a sea-way. Of course, I would never use a mast of that height in a vessel of thirty-four feet on the water line for ocean cruising, but I think a fifty-feet mast with Bermudian mainsail would be better than a forty-two feet mast gaff-rigged for ocean work.

When running before a gale and I decide it is time to heave-to owing to the shipping of seas, I do not attempt to bring the yacht up to the wind if carrying much sail, for if she were moving fast she might run into a breaking sea. I find it better to reduce or lower all sail first and come up to the wind slowly, when a favourable opportunity occurs, and when the seas are running smooth.

I have ridden to a sea-anchor in another vessel but we were very uncomfortable. I think any yacht over forty-feet on the water-line would be more comfortable hove-to.

I feel sure, too, that a yacht with a canoe-stern is better when running before the wind in a hard blow and big sea than one with a counter, and

NORTHWARD HO!

have found the "Sirius" much easier in these conditions than I have with vessels possessing counters.

CREW

When it comes to the discussion of a crew I cannot say as much as I would had my crew been other than my two sons; for they stood by me through thick and thin, through calm and storm alike, which speaks for itself.

I think, however, that a good type of man for a world cruise is one who has had experience of racing, for at this you try to get the most out of your ship. My sons had raced with me for years and had learned to be quick in action, a necessity when in a tight corner. The right temperament, a sense of humour, and good temper are also very important if you are to live a long time in close quarters with a man. Anyone who suffers at all from seasickness should be avoided, as he is generally incapable in bad weather when most needed.

It is risky shipping a man as crew that one does not know at all well. He may turn out all right and he may not. In the latter case you may find it hard to get rid of him, as one cannot always drop a man anywhere one may like, or may wish to.

HARBOUR AND CANAL DUES

As I am frequently asked about amounts paid in harbour and canal dues at various ports, I give here a list of expenses incurred in this direction.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

	Harbour dues.	Light.	Pilotage.	Bill of Health.
Rabaul	Nil	Nil	Nil	ios.
Buton	"	"	"	"
Komodo	"	"	"	"
Bali	"	ios.	"	"
Batavia	"	12s.	"	"
Singapore	"	Nil.	"	"
Penang	"	"	"	"
Langkawi	"	"	"	"
Colombo	"	"	"	(10 Rupees)*
Aden	"	"	"	Nil
Suez	3s.	"	"	6s.
Suez Canal	£3 18s. including dues and pilotage).	"	"	Nil
Port Said	3s.	"	"	"
Spinalonga	Nil	"	"	"
Candia	"	"	£1 5s.	"
Piræus	£1	(anchorage)	Good for	"
Corinth Canal	£1 ios.	"	one month	"
Argostili	Nil	"	all Greece ports.	"
Malta	"	Nil	13s.	"
Gibraltar	"	"	Nil	"

*Wanted rupees. Left without Bill of Health.

TREATMENT OF YACHT'S BOTTOM

I had the bottom of the yacht painted with International anti-fouling paint before leaving Sydney, and there was not much marine growth showing as far as Batavia, but from there it grew rapidly and on reaching Penang there were long weeds near the water-line and a kind of coral growth underneath.

I slipped the yacht in Penang and repainted her with the same paint brought from Sydney, but the bottom did not keep clean as long as before. I think this was partly due to the thinning of the paint through the heat of that latitude and to the still and warm waters of Langkawi where we laid some time. In any case the bottom commenced

to get foul there and the growth grew rapidly in the warm Indian Ocean and Red Sea.

When I careened at Suez the Egyptians who repainted her put on a paint that did not last long, for there was a certain amount of marine growth showing at Malta, and the bottom was again very foul when we reached Plymouth on the 2nd June. It, therefore, seems advisable to carry one's own paint on a long cruise, as one cannot rely on getting the kind wanted in foreign ports.

There was, on the other hand, not the slightest sign of toredo in the bottom when she was slipped at Plymouth. At the keel the wood was bruised as an outcome of lying on the hard at Suez, but the timber was untouched by worms, so showing that the West Australian jarrah is free from the ravages of marine borers. I do not go so far as to say that this timber would be immune for all time as the nature might go out of the wood in course of years.

In November, 1933, I nailed several pieces of jarrah on to a log of toredo-ridden timber in the water and it showed no sign of worm when I left Sydney in July, 1935.

Jarrah is used universally in West Australia for the building of vessels and they are not coppered. The timber is of a poisonous nature and some of the workmen engaged upon the building of "Sirius" were often hurt by splinters which pierced their hands, and caused them to fester.

ANIMALS ABOARD YACHTS

This is the second time I have shipped a cat on a voyage, and in fair weather it appears all right

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

to have a pet aboard, but in a gale it is quite another thing, especially when the weather is cold and bleak and the animal has to be kept below. Then it is not quite fair to the animal, whether dog or cat, as conditions can be rather hard at such times, whilst, on the other hand, a cat can then make it unpleasant for everyone aboard.

I have also a confession to make. I said in my narrative that we missed the cat and that he must have gone overboard, but that was only what the crew thought. I perpetrated the dark deed one day when he was most annoying, as I felt that in the ocean his troubles would be soon over—including our own as far as he was concerned—especially with the sea running at the time.

SAILS

My sails were made of No. 1 flax as this material is stronger and lasts longer than cotton for ocean cruising, and does not mildew so readily as other canvas, though owing to the heavy weather we experienced I found it necessary to have some of them resewn in Cowes. I also had a new spinnaker made there, of heavier material, for the return voyage, as the two spinnakers I used on the journey to England were old sails when I left Sydney, made of very light Japara and not suited for ocean work.

Except in exceptional cases, gales do not do as much harm to sails as do calms, and the same measure of protection in both cases is obviously to reduce the spread.

I find that quite a number of yachtsmen exag-

gerate the price they pay for sails, which are not as costly as the layman imagines.

The cheapest means of transit in the world is by sail, and I will go so far as to say that the rigging, designing and making of sails have improved in greater measure than yacht construction during the last thirty years. An instance of this was "Britannia," built over forty years ago, but, up to last year, with the Bermuda rig, able to compete favourably with the most modern yacht; whilst under her original canvas she would have been hopelessly outclassed.

I also found battens made of cane better than wooden ones, for we never broke one of the former during the voyage. They are also much easier on the sail.

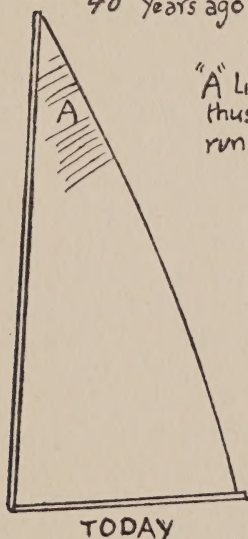
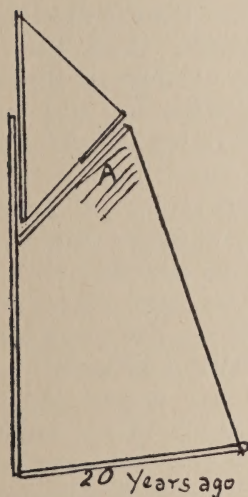
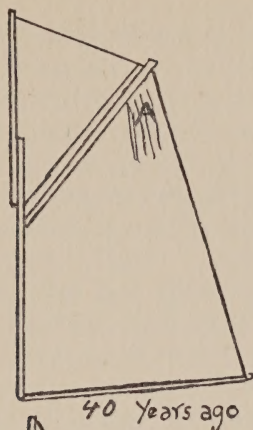
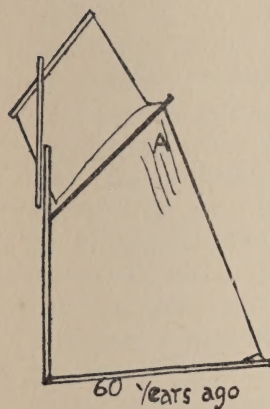
After over forty years' experience of cruising, racing and knowledge gained with thousands of miles of ocean-sailing, I am more than ever convinced that the Bermudian rig is better for ocean cruising. In fact, it is an evolution from the almost square rig of seventy years ago to the tall, narrow sail of to-day.

The following sketches illustrate what I mean.

These illustrations show that we have been for years unconsciously approaching the Bermudian rig, so-called because this rig has been used for some hundred years in the Bermuda Isles.

Much simpler and lighter than the gaff-rig, the Bermudian rig does not cost as much and is easier to handle. One can dispense with many ropes, blocks, etc., that were used in hoisting the old mainsail and topsail. If fairly summed up it will be found that you not only do away with the

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING



"A" Lines marked
thus indicate
run of cloths

gaff but with the topsail spars as well, and your deck-space is not in consequence littered with them.

With the Bermudian sail-plan one can replace

the old rig with less sail-area, and yet be faster than before. Its only disadvantage is in very heavy weather, when, although reefed, you are carrying a taller mast than necessary. This so seldom happens, however, that one need not take it into serious consideration when the many advantages of the modern sail are counted in. We were never really uncomfortable in the worst weather with our tall masts. I even thought, at times, they had a steadying effect when hove-to, but for deep-sea cruising, just as one would reduce the overhangs of a racing yacht when building a cruiser, so must the height of the mast be reduced.

Although many are against the Bermudian rig for ocean cruising, I feel certain that future cruisers will be so rigged. The motion in a seaway I find is not so jumpy as with the old rig, and the sail can be shortened down to smaller proportions.

Reefing is simpler as one can carry on while reducing sail without the drawback of the old-time flogging gaff. Without going into details—which few have time for to-day—the new rig gives greater driving-power and enables the yacht to point closer into the wind. Wind-velocity increases with the height above the water, therefore, with the Bermudian sail the yacht is faster than with the gaff mainsail. With greater height still she would be quicker in light airs, but slower in a blow, as then the leverage would be greater and she would not carry her sail as well. It seems, therefore, best to strike a happy medium when designing a Bermudian mainsail, always bearing

in mind that there are more light days than hard.

Quite a lot has been said about the difficulty of lowering the Bermudian sail in a blow, but I have never found this so, and have experienced less trouble in that regard than with the old gaff-mainsail. I have on occasions lowered the Bermudian sail, both on and off the wind, in heavy gales.

The staysail schooner is very handy for cruising as you can reduce the sail by so many stages when under way, without interfering with the speed of the vessel.

The ketch is a more weatherly craft with Bermudian sails than gaff-rigged, as you have not the drift of the gaff to contend with.

I do not favour the wishbone for it means more timber aloft. The upper staysail-sheet of "Sirius" comes to a spur I erected on either side of the mast. This sail was very efficient and always increased the speed of the vessel without requiring any attention. I feel sure we should not have increased our speed with a wishbone. I even know of a case where a yacht-owner adopted that rig when racing and did not do so well as before.

When we left Sydney we had the jib set on hanks to the jib forestay, but after using it at sea a few times decided to set it on an outhaul and without the hanks, thus obviating the risk and trouble of stowing the sail on the bowsprit, which, with the crews' weight forward, would dip into the sea.

The sail was first hoisted. The outhaul, a two-and-a-half-inch manilla rope, was led to the warp-

ing-drum of the winch, where the slack was taken in and the sail set up. We never had any difficulty in keeping the luff of the jib taut this way. It could always be quickly set or taken in from the deck.

I found the forestaysail and mainstaysail set better, and the yacht faster, without the booms when the wind was anywhere free, but for convenience used the booms on a work, hove-to, or in narrow waters where we had frequently to go about. I would not, of course, go so far as to say that the mainsail would be better without a boom.

I have used a square-sail but do not favour it, as one big enough to be of much use would require too large a yard aloft and much gear. There was hardly an occasion on the cruise when a square-sail would have been justified. The spinnaker, on the other hand, was often used. It was so easy to handle, and, at a pinch, one man could set or take it in. It was also invaluable in a light breeze when the vessel was rolling in an old sea, as it would draw when no other sail would set. A square sail under these conditions would cause the yacht to roll more. It certainly has a lifting effect and does not need watching like a spinnaker, but a spinnaker is a better sail when taking everything into consideration.

If a square-sail is used in conjunction with the mainsail it would be blanketed. On the other hand, the spinnaker balances the mainsail and one does not interfere with the other. The boom of the spinnaker is set low where as the square-sail-yard is aloft and I do not like spars aloft.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

The old order must give way to the new, the world must progress, and those who to-day advocate for ocean-work the square-sail and gaff-main-sail, with its accompanying topsail, will to-morrow praise the spinnaker and Bermudian sail, and will later condemn some further improvement which is bound to come in course of time. For that has been the way of the world since Adam.

RENEWALS AND REPAIRS

We encountered very little expense in repairs on the cruise. The only item of any moment was a new boom I had made in England, and which cost, with fitting of hack, etc., only £3 10s. Other repairs we effected ourselves.

Replacement of ropes was slight and did not amount to £2. We paid about £3 for slipping, cleaning and painting in Penang, and £2 10s. for this work in Suez when the yacht was careened. Cost of paint was extra.

The cost of slipping was very much higher in England than in any country I visited, and more than double the cost of slipping in Australia. I paid sundry small sums to skin-divers but their work was imperfectly done, and I would not recommend a yacht being cleaned this way.

I had the "Sirius" repainted in Plymouth and the cost of hauling up and launching was £10.

Cleaning bottom, scraping seams and applying one coat priming and one coat green anti-fouling; rubbing down topside seams, applying two coats white undercoat and one coat white enamel; writing name in gold, scraping rail and covering board to bare wood and varnishing, three coats;

rubbing down deck erections and applying two coats varnish, £22.

Dismantling propeller and shaft; re-metalling and turning up bush and fitting zinc collar; replacing stein glands and fitting zinc protectors to rudder and stein post, etc., £3 10s.

This practically comprises all repairs and replacements of note.

The running-cost of yachts is very much exaggerated by many yachtsmen, and this discourages people from participating in the sport. If one is adaptable, and can do the repairs and replacements oneself, the upkeep is very slight.

Looking after a vessel well will save pounds in repairs and replacements, as they are mainly due to careless handling and the driving of a yacht in gales.

GROUND TACKLE

I carried three anchors on deck, in chocks and just aft of the foremast. They were not in the way and were available for use at a moment's notice. Their weights are, No. 1 170lb., No. 2 140lb., No. 3 102lb. In addition to these, and as a standby, I have two more in the store-room aft. They are all of the old-fashioned Admiralty pattern.

I also carried 120 fathoms of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch chain, about the same amount of $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch and 4-inch manilla rope and long lengths of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch manilla rope for warps.

When I knew the bottom was rocky, or when in doubt, we buoyed the anchor with 2-inch rope and through doing this have never lost one. On occasions when we have been unable to lift the

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

anchor with the chain because the flukes have been caught under rocks, there has been no difficulty in raising it by the buoy-rope.

When mooring we endeavoured to drop the anchor as the yacht was falling back and let the chain out gradually so that it would not foul the anchor.

WATER SUPPLY

I have four large tanks under the floor, and not connected by pipes as in the event of one leaking the others will be intact. There is a gravity tank in the galley containing 50 gallons, and when empty we fill it from those below the floor. There is also in reserve about 80 gallons in sealed tins, to be used only in case of an emergency such as the fouling of the main supply or a delayed passage by reason of lost masts or other mishaps.

I was told before I left Sydney that the water in certain tropical ports was dangerous to drink. Singapore water was mentioned by many as being bad and I was advised not even to taste it. I found, however, that its water was considered by analysis to be as good as any water in the world, and was drunk by the residents from the taps. I only took the precaution to boil water once and that was in Rabaul, and as the residents advised me to. But after boiling it for some days I found my crew drinking from the taps, and as they were not ill in consequence I drank some myself, and never troubled to boil water afterwards.

STORES

The selection of stores should not be a difficult proposition. The main point to keep in view may

be summed up in one word, "plenty." There is nothing more irritating or demoralizing than to run short of provisions. So when one knows what one wants a good supply should be ordered.

I put aboard at Sydney enough tinned meat to last me for two years. I knew Australian tinned meat would last that time, and that I should not be able to get meat as cheaply anywhere else in the world. The same remark applied to jam. In cool weather we have kept bread for fourteen days. It is rather dry at the end of that period, but stale bread toasted will be quite palatable.

The cook always made damper when the bread-supply ran out. Australian damper is made with flour and water, well mixed and baked. It, too, is quite palatable, and the crew liked it, though I personally prefer good biscuits, so we loaded the ship with a large supply before we left. We always carried large stocks of flour, potatoes, onions, rice, sugar, tea, coffee, dried green-peas, tinned tomatoes, tinned milk, oatmeal, cheese and fruit. We did not like tinned butter, so purchased it fresh when leaving a port. In the tropics it keeps about a week, and in cooler latitudes a fortnight.

Potatoes and onions will keep, if allowed fresh air, for at least a month in any climate. Oranges are very nutritious and will keep a long time at sea.

We found three-quarters of a gallon of water per man per day enough, though that, of course, does not include bathing and washing-up, salt water being used for these latter purposes. A quantity of salt water can also be used in cooking.

We often, however, got rain in the tropics—rather too much at times—and were always able to collect enough in deck-coverings for a good fresh-water bath and to wash our clothes at the same time. In consequence, when we arrived in port we always had on hand more than twice the quantity of water consumed on the run.

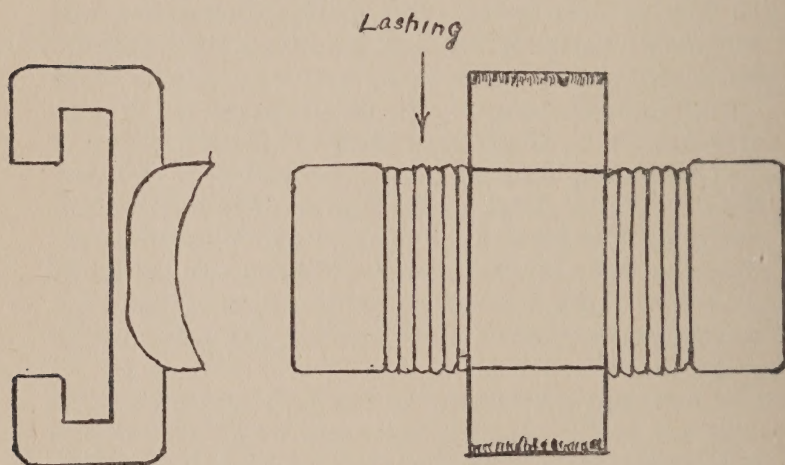
STANDING AND RUNNING RIGGINGS

For standing and running rigging I used plough-steel wire rope. Plough-steel is superior to flexible wire for this purpose as it does not rust to the extent the latter does and as a consequence will last longer. The purchases and sheets were all of manilla rope. I have tried Italian hemp, which lasts a little longer than the former, but it is not so strong and manilla rope is much cheaper than hemp. I was agreeably surprised to find what little rope was actually used on the voyage. I really over-estimated the quantity required, for only two mainsheets were rove, the first being two-inch and the other two-and-a-half-inch manilla rope.

I brought the runner of the fore and mainmast just aft of the shrouds and used rigging-screws in place of rope. This saved rope and labour when tacking, and running with the wind on the beam. If the boom swung over at any time, it was not so marked as when the runners were in their old position.

Running with the wind dead aft we would ease the screws of the lee-runners. Having the runners near the shrouds never put an undue strain on the masts which were very well stayed. We never

had trouble either by reason of the slides sticking to the track. I used the orthodox seven-eighths of an inch track for the upper staysail and the usual slides. I could not buy a larger sized track for the mainsail, so procured lengths of one and-a-half inch by three-sixteenths of an inch brass, had them welded to one piece and slides made as the following design with plenty of play. These came down quickly in the worst weather and thus we were able to raise or lower the sail with the wind ahead, on the beam, quarter or aft.



I found it advisable to keep the track well greased, which facilitated the hoisting and lowering of the sails. To do this it was not necessary to climb the mast; we just greased the track for about five feet above the gooseneck and the slides going over the grease carried the lubricant up the mast. For this we used petroleum-jelly, which is cheap and efficacious.

We found strands of manilla rope as good as anything to fasten the slides to the sails. Calms and very light winds played havoc with the fastenings of the mainsail and upper staysail owing to slatting. A good, steady breeze is very easy on the gear, and a calm proved really harder on the fastenings of the slides than a gale.

HANDLING DINGHY AND ANCHORS

I decided not to have davits, as I felt they were unnecessary, awkward and slow. I have frequently seen yachts' crews sweating on the davit-tackles and, when the dinghy reaches the deck, exerting themselves again to swing it in-board.

With anchor-davits at least two men are generally required to get an anchor of our size aboard and keep it clear of the topsides.

When at sea also davits are more than useless, for if left in position they get in the way of the sails and foul the gear, and if taken in there is the problem of stowing them somewhere. In fact, on a sea-going yacht unnecessary gear is a nuisance.

We hoist our dinghy on board with the mainstay sail-halliard fastened on the stern and the topsail halliard to the bow, and, when aboard, there is no gear to stow away. By this method and with a paddle held over the side the dinghy does not touch the paint. We lower by the same means, swinging well over the side and at the same time letting the halliards go with a run. We generally hoist the dinghy on board when at moorings, but have brought it aboard when under way.

NORTHWARD HO!

The anchor is taken aboard by one of the halliards being made fast to the ring and the jib-outhaul made fast to the head. It is then lifted and easily swung inboard to its chocks just aft of the foremast. The jib-outhaul prevents it from touching the sides. We have done this in a choppy sea and have never once marked the yacht.

The necessary halliards can always be spared for these purposes on a staysail schooner because there are a number of working sails.

COMPASS ADJUSTMENT

We swung the yacht before leaving Sydney did not find any appreciable error in the compass, though I discovered one day that the compass was affected by a knife carried by one of the crew—through being magnetized—but apart from this we had no trouble in this respect.

I found it better, out of sight of land, to steer by the compass and not by the stars or clouds, as is often recommended by sailors. It is, of course, easier to steer by the latter method, but it is not accurate.

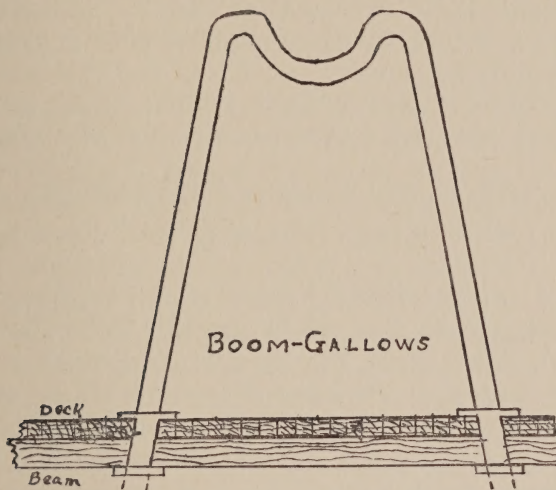
BULWARKS, LIFE-LINES AND GALLOWS

The bulwarks of "Sirius" are 5 inches high. I do not like high bulwarks as in heavy weather they hold a quantity of water, are a strain on the vessel and have a certain resistance to the wind besides being unsightly. Low bulwarks have the opposite effect, and one should not fall overboard with life-lines rigged round the vessel such as there are in "Sirius."

For these I have galvanized stanchions 28 inches high, with two lengths of lines terminating in the stern at the gallows.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

The gallows is a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch galvanized pipe bent into this shape and bolted through the deck.



It was invaluable when lowering sail in a blow, for when once the boom came on to the gallows our troubles were over. Once or twice, with the wind and rolling of the yacht, the boom missed the groove and caught on the life-line fastened to the gallows, but was quite safe until we had time to lift it into the gallows. The gallows is not noticeable, for it only has the appearance of stanchions at a distance.

UNDER POWER

We used the engine if the wind dropped when near a port and we wished to enter harbour before dusk; for entering and leaving ports when there was no wind; for small harbours, narrow channels, moving moorings, canals and occasionally at sea

when we appeared to be in danger of drifting on to land. We also used it once or twice at sea when the batteries became low through lack of wind to charge them by the revolving propeller under the sail.

Our engine never once let us down, and the distance covered under power was 380 miles.

LIGHTS AND CHARGING OF BATTERIES

We found it very necessary to always have a torch available at night when steering. Many vessels do not keep a very sharp look-out and large steamers are often unable to see a small yacht's lights from the bridge when only a short distance away. We have sometimes found vessels coming straight at us though our side-lights were burning brightly. In such cases we escaped being run down by flashing the torch on the sails. On seeing the light on the canvas the vessel in question would hurriedly alter its course, often only just in time to avoid a collision. Of course, the men on the look-out should have seen our light some distance away, but in these days they expect to see brightly-lit vessels with masthead lights, as there are many sailing ships on the ocean to-day.

The master of a small sailing vessel would for this reason be wise to place a light where it would reflect on the sails.

We used kerosene for the side-lights and for lighting the cabin, but also used electric light for the latter.

We also found electric light best for the compass, as in a hard blow a kerosene lamp would frequently blow out.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

To charge the accumulators for lighting and the radio we freed the clutch of the engine and let the propeller spin whilst under sail. On the shaft we fitted a ten-inch split pulley, which drove by belt a two-inch wheel on the generator, and this proved an economical method of charging our batteries. Of course, we could also charge them in the same way when under power, but, as we were practically under sail all the time, the former method was mostly used throughout the voyage.

CUSTOMS AND PORT FORMALITIES

On entering port we were usually boarded by a Customs officer, who would ask to see our clearance from the last port, which stated that I had entered and cleared the yacht according to law.

The police boarded the yacht on arrival in many ports and asked for particulars of crew, guns, etc.

The doctor usually came next, asked for the Bill of Health and requested me to fill in a form giving particulars of the crew.

In naval ports such as Aden, Malta and Gibraltar the officer of the guardship boarded us in full dress and asked for particulars of our voyage, etc.

Where pilotage is compulsory we were usually met by the pilot outside the port. In such cases I have always asked him not to come aboard until we are inside the harbour, owing to rough water and the likelihood of his vessel scraping the sides of the yacht. He would then come aboard inside the breakwater and steer, or direct, us to where we should moor.

In places where pilotage is not compulsory I

simply ask to be directed to the best anchorage.

We have never used the services of a pilot on leaving port, though where it is compulsory to use a pilot one is charged pilotage in and out. Even if we entered without a pilot we were charged just the same.

In addition to the officials we were worried by ship-chandlers, laundrymen and many boats endeavouring to sell us goods; in consequence I was always pleased to get over the first hour or two of our arrival in a harbour. In very small ports things are done in a more leisurely manner, for we had occasionally to search for the officials, who were away fishing or shooting, when we arrived. Sometimes they would casually turn up on the following day.

I always made a point of being frank with all officials, never keeping any information back they might require, and have, probably for this reason, always found them decent and obliging.

There is little trouble when clearing a yacht for sea. One simply fills in certain papers and receives a clearance. One has also to apply for a Bill of Health. Armed with these documents we could proceed to sea.

YACHT-AGENTS AND SHIP-CHANDLERS

There were many yacht-agents and ship-chandlers in the ports visited, and, although some are quite decent, many are to be avoided. They usually carry no stocks but buy from stores as orders are received, charging the yachtsmen much more than he would pay if he procured the goods himself from the same source.

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

They will usually endeavour to ingratiate themselves by collecting letters from the Post Office without any authority and then hand them over to the yachtsman on his arrival, expecting to receive his custom in return. Even after a ship-chandler has quoted a price for groceries, he may, when rendering the account, make a further charge for delivery of a fourth of the goods value.

One of these agents advised me to take a quantity of English silver to Crete and Greece. Believing the man I handed him a number of notes in exchange for silver, but eventually found the opposite obtained in these countries as only notes were wanted there and in consequence I could only exchange the silver at a great discount.

MEDICINE CHEST

We had a good medical chest presented us by the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron on leaving port, and which we found very useful. The ambulance portion came in very handily as we often received cuts and bruises. I was never sick on the voyage but, as mentioned in the narrative, the crew were ill on only one occasion, through eating lobster.

LIBRARY

I had a very complete library presented to me by Mr. Allan Box, an old friend, before leaving Sydney, with a very original book-plate. These were much read at sea and were a pleasant change from the wireless. I had other useful presents including books given to me by my friends, who helped me quite a lot in fitting out.

NORTHWARD HO!

AMUSEMENTS

We never seemed to find time to play cards. Our main amusements were reading, and listening to the wireless and gramophone.

We had the loudspeaker on a long cord by which it could be taken on deck at any time, and it was pleasant when steering in the tropics to be able to hear the music and news of the day.

BAROMETER

I find that a falling glass is not always a sign of the approach of bad weather. On our journey from Cephalonia to Malta we experienced a falling glass all the time and daily expected trouble, but all we got was a hard, local blow, just as we reached Malta, and which did not last long. At the same time we could not neglect to prepare for bad weather when the glass was falling, for we found it low and still falling whenever we experienced gales.

In the tropics the glass had a daily range, and kept this up day after day. Any cessation from this should therefore be taken as a warning of approaching bad weather.

We discovered on the voyage that our barometer was set one tenth of an inch too high. This was not altered, and for the purpose of comparison of other barometer readings this should be taken into account.

TOOLS

Before leaving Sydney Dick and I made a carpenter's bench in the engine-room, and fitted drawers and lockers which were filled with every

NOTES ON OCEAN CRUISING

description of tools. We fixed a vice to the bench, carried stocks and dies and so were able to effect almost any kind of repairs on the voyage. We should have been lost without a kit of tools. We also brought with us large reserves of wire and manilla rope, a spare log and compass, lamps, sails, paint, varnish, etc.

BLOCKS

My son Dick made the blocks, using tea-tree, an Australian timber and excellent for that purpose. Not one of these blocks was broken on the voyage. They also looked very well varnished. This timber is hard and does not expand and contract like other wood used for this purpose. The pins in sheave wear out a lot at sea and I fancy, therefore, that rustless steel would be better than ordinary steel. We replaced many pins in the sheave for the mainsail halliard, and often had difficulty in hoisting the sail because the pin had worn down. In fact, we renewed these pins ourselves about 5 times.

INSURANCE

I insured the yacht with Lloyds through Binnie S. Cohen & Son (N.S.W.) Ltd., Sydney, and obtained a reasonable rate of 6 per cent. subject to the Institute yacht clauses, including 4/4ths R.W.C. 2, but only to pay the excess of £20 each and every claim, including yacht protection and indemnity clauses.

ABSTRACT OF LOG OF "SIRIUS" ON VOYAGE FROM SYDNEY TO PLYMOUTH

Run is taken from Noon to Noon. Wind, remarks, etc., are taken from Midnight to Midnight.

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935					
July					
14	—	—	—	—	Departed Sydney Heads, 12.57 p.m.
				N.	W., fresh.
15	32°38'S.	152°22'E.	85		W., moderate. Anchored Fly Roads, Pt. Stevens, 4 a.m. to 11 a.m.
16	31°31'	153°04'	75		N., light to moderate.
17	30°23'	153°18'	76		W., moderate to Noon, then variable.
18	29°36'	153°28'	49		S., light to noon, then calm. Moored Clarence River, 7.55 p.m.
19	—	—	—		In port, Yamba.
20	29°19'	153°31'	13		Variable, fresh to light, squalls. Weighed anchor 9.5 a.m. Nailed Tunny's tail to bowsprit.
21	28°22'	153°41'	65	N.b E.	Variable, fresh to moderate. Mostly SE.
22	26°36'	153°39'	88		S., gentle to moderate breeze. Set squaresail but lowered again.
23	25°23'	153°41'	79		S., gentle breeze.
24	23°52'	154°05'	96	N.	S., moderate gale, squally. Rough sea.
25	22°24'	154°12'	89	N. b E.	SE., strong, confused sea. Set trysail.
26	20°10'	155°07'	144	NNE.	SE., moderate gale. Now in SE. trade.
27	17°54'	154°33'	141		SE., strong. Under trysail.
28	15°54'	154°07'	121	N.b E	SE., fresh. Set mainsail.
29	13°57'	153°51'	119	NNE.	SE., fresh.

Carried forward. 1,240

LOG OF "SIRIUS"

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935					
July	<i>Brought forward.</i>			1,240	
30	12°13'	154°06'	105		SE., moderate breeze. Hove to for night as land sighted.
31	11°10'N.	154°17'E.	72	NNW.	SE., moderate.
August					
1	9°12'	154°10'	118		SE., strong, rain, very humid.
2	7°12'	153°37'	127	N.b W.	SE., moderate, calm in afternoon.
3	5°15'	153°27'	118	WNW.	SE., light, heavy rain, squall shortly after noon. Land sighted.
4	4°38'	152°38'	62 43	W.b N.	SE., moderate. Moored Rabaul, 8 p.m. Run from noon 43.
10	—	—	—		Weighed anchor Rabaul, 10.50 a.m. Calm to noon, E. to SE., light finishing with calm.
11	3°57'	151°40'	50	WNW.	Variable and calms, little rain.
12	4°01'	151°10'	30	WSW.	E. to NE., very light, variable, very hot.
13	3°58'	150°51'	20	W.	Light variable winds and calms. Still very hot.
14	3°46'	150°12'	42	W.	Very light SE. and calms. Very hot.
15	3°43'	149°46'	24	W.	SE., light. Hot.
16	3°48'	147°03'	165	W.	SE., fresh.
17	3°27'	144°44'	146	W.b S.	E. to SE., fresh. Lumpy sea.
18	2°35'	142°09'	164		E. to SE., gentle breeze. Favourable current.
19	—	—	—		Moored Tenah Merah Bay, N.G., 11.30 a.m. Run from noon 110.
20	2°16'	140°15'	13		Weighed anchor 8.15 a.m. E. to SE. light in morning, strong in afternoon.
21	1°24'S.	138°29'E.	120	W.b S.	S., strong in morning, light NE. in afternoon.
22	1°23'	136°54'	95	W.	SE., light in morning, light N., NW. and SW. in afternoon, calm at night with heavy rain.
23	1°18'	135°36'	80	W.	SW., fresh in morning, then calm. Choppy sea.
24	0°47'	134°53'	53	W.b S.	Calms and light SE. Current set us WNW. 1½ knots.

Carried forward. 2,887

NORTHWARD HO!

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935					
August	<i>Brought forward.</i>			2,887	
25	0°40'	133°59'	54		Calms and variables, heavy squalls with rain. Current setting to N.
26	0°12'	133°01'	64		NW. to W. light.
27	0°18'	131°49'	73		Calms and variables, very smooth sea.
28	0°39'	130°59'	54	WSW.	S. to SW. Gentle breeze, in Dampier Strait.
29	1°29'	129°41'	97	SW.	S. moderate, patches of disturbed water.
30	2°08'	129°09'	50		S., light and calms, oily swell.
31	2°41'	128°27'	53	SW.b W.	E. to S. in morning, then variable.
Sept.					
1	3°02'	126°43'	105	WSW.	SSE., fresh to squally, finishing W., light, tide rips.
2	3°06'	125°51'	52	SW.	Calms and variables, finishing SE., strong. Choppy sea.
3	4°49'	124°11'	143		SE. gale, moderate sea. School of flying fish landed on deck last night.
4	5°34'	122°32'	122	W.	Moored Buton, 2.30 p.m. Wind SE., light. Run from noon 8 miles.
			8		
7	5°28'S	122°32'E.	5	SSW.	Weighed anchor Buton, 10.40 a.m. S, moderate.
8	6°32'	120°40'	128		E. to SE., gentle breeze.
9	8°02'	119°46'	105		S., light and calms.
10	8°13'	119°42'	12		Calms and variables.
			20		Moored off Komodo, 6.15 p.m. Run from noon, 20.
11	—	—	—		Weighed anchor, 1.40 p.m. S., increased to SW. gale, finishing SE. strong. Cross seas.
12	7°48'	118°18'	75	W.	Light and variable, mostly S. Confused sea.
13	7°53'	117°53'	29		Calms and variables.
14	8°00'	117°45'	11		Calms and variables, finishing with gale from S.
15	8°05'	116°25'	79		Hard squalls of gale force from S., disturbed sea. Bolt rope on mainsail parted, changed main- sail to trysail.
<i>Carried forward.</i>			4,226		

LOG OF "SIRIUS"

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935 Sept.	<i>Brought forward.</i>		4,226		
16	7°56'	115°18'	66		SE., moderate, finishing NW. Moored Buleleng, Bali, at 6.15 p.m. Run from noon, 16.
19	—	—	—		Weighed anchor 12.45 p.m. Light variables, finishing S., moderate gale.
20	7°14'	114°20'	68	NW.	Light to gentle variables.
21	6°38' S.	113°2'E.	91	W.	S., light to moderate finishing light E. Sails seen all round horizon.
22	6°24' S.	111°55'	66		S., moderate in morning, finishing NE., moderate.
23	6°13'	110°34'	82		NE. to SE., light, confused sea.
24	6°07'	109°12'	80		NE. to SE., gentle.
25	5°51'	107°54'	79		NE. to SE., light.
26	—	—	65		Moored Tanjong Priok, Java. SE., light. 10.26 a.m.
					Run from noon, 65.
Oct.					
8	—	—	—		Weighed anchor, 11.50 a.m. N., moderate, finishing SE., light.
9	5°06'	106°39'	61	N.	E. to SE., moderate to fresh, heavy rain squalls.
10	3°23'	106°36'	102		SE., gentle; rain squalls.
11	2°21'	105°58'	87		SE., moderate.
12	1°03'	105°09'	100		SE., fresh. Crossed line at 10.58 p.m.
13	0°25'N	105°02'E	88		Calms and variables, intermittent rain and rain squalls from S. in afternoon.
14	1°15'N.	104°44'	58	NW.	NE. to SE., light.
15	1°16'	103°52'	54	NE.	W., moderate; heavy rain squalls. Moored Singapore, 2.15 p.m.
23	—	—	—	—	Weighed anchor 11 a.m.
24	1°29'N.	103°05'E.	52	NW.	W., fresh to moderate gale.
25	1°45'	102°47'	24	W.	"Sumatra" squall of gale force from S. during night, variables during day.
<i>Carried forward.</i>			5,449		

NORTHWARD HO!

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935					
Oct.	<i>Brought forward.</i>		5,449		
26	2°05'	102°16'	36	NW.	Heavy "Sumatra" squalls from SW. and NW. with rain.
27	2°17'	101°56'	24		NW., light.
28	2°39'	101°20'	43		Variable winds, heavy squalls from NW. and SW., some well over gale force.
29	2°56'	100°44'	40		Heavy "Sumatra" squalls from NW. over gale force, with terrific rain; confused sea.
30	3°25'	100°08'	46		N., strong and squally. Signalled <i>Marechal Joffre</i> for position; confused sea.
31	3°40'	100°28'	25		Squalls of gale force from N. Easterly set.
Nov.					
1	4°14'	100°28'	34		Calms, variables and squalls
2	4°33'	100°18'	22	NNW.	N. to NW., light, calms
3	5°08'	100°14'	35		Moored Penang harbour 6 p.m. Run from noon, 20.
13	5°28' N.	100°20' E.	9		Weighed anchor 7.45 a.m.
14	5°57'	100°01'	35	W.	Light variables. Anchored for night at 6.6 p.m. in lee of Pulo Langkawi.
15	6°14'	99°44'	22		Calm. Motored into harbour and dropped anchor off sandy beach.
16	—	—	—		Weighed anchor at 9.45 a.m. and moored off Kuah at 1.30 p.m., 4.
27	6°14'	99°44'	—	W.	Weighed anchor Kuah, 10.15 a.m. Calms and variables; heavy showers.
28	6°11'	99°26'	27	W.	Variables. Squall from S. with rain.
29	6°02'	98°55'	32	Tacking.	NW., moderate.
30	5°47'	97°58'	29		SW. to NW., varying strengths. Heavy rain.
Dec.					
1	5°53'	97°05'	52	W.	SW., light, calms. Patches of disturbed water. Heavy continuous rain during last night.

Carried forward. 5,960

LOG OF "SIRIUS"

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1935					
Dec.	<i>Brought forward.</i>		5,960		
2	6°02'	96°46'	21	W.	N. to NE., light, smooth sea.
3	6°02'	95°41'	64		NE. to SE., squally with rain ; disturbed sea.
4	5°54'	94°50'	56		Calms and variables.
5	6°42'	93°20'	105	Tacking.	W., moderate, rain squalls ; long SW. swell causing a confused sea.
6	7°05'N.	92°08'E.	75	Tacking.	SW. to W., hard rain squalls.
7	6°55'	91°43'	27		SW. to NW., varying strengths ; hard squalls with terrific rain.
8	6°41'	91°00'	46	Tacking	Calms and variables, heavy swell from south.
9	6°38'	90°26'	34		Calms and variables ; lumpy swell, rolling a lot.
10	6°28'	89°49'	35	W.	NE. to E., light to gentle.
11	6°30'	88°32'	78	W.	NE., squally.
12	6°33'	86°50'	102	W.	SE., squally, rain.
13	6°41'	85°31'	81	W.	NE. to SE., fresh and squally.
14	6°18'	84°09'	86	W.	NE. to E., moderate.
15	6°06'	82°56'	75	W.	NE., moderate, hard squalls and rain towards night.
16	5°46'	80°43'	134	W.	Variable and squally ; land sighted.
17	6°18'	79°56'	66		Calms and variables.
18	—	—	—		Moored Colombo, 12.10 p.m. NE. moderate to strong. Run, 42.
30	7°05'	79°16'	33		Weighed anchor 6.40 a.m. NE., moderate to strong.
31	7°48'	76°18'	185	WNW.	E., light to moderate.
1936					
Jan.					
1	8°23'	74°49'	92		NE. to SE., moderate to fresh.
2	9°03'	73°42'	75		N. to E., gentle to moderate.
3	9°39'	71°37'	129		NE., moderate (N.E. monsoon).
4	10°05'	69°52'	104		NE., moderate.
5	11°00'N.	67°32'E.	147	WNW.	NE., moderate to fresh.
6	12°07'	64°43'	177		NE., moderate to fresh.
7	12°53'	61°56'	169		NE., gentle to moderate.

Carried forward. 8,156

NORTHWARD HO!

DATE. 1936	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
Jan.	<i>Brought forward.</i>		8,156		
8	13°31'	59°30'	144		E., gentle to moderate.
9	14°02'	57°20'	130		NE. to E., gentle.
10	14°15'	55°03'	133	W.b N.	NNE., gale, moderate sea
11	14°15'	52°30'	150		NE., strong; rough sea. Involuntary gybe at 8.30 p.m., boom broken and sail lowered.
12	13°29'	49°48'	162	WNW.	NE., moderate.
13	13°10'	48°13'	94		NE., gentle; land sighted smooth sea.
14	13°04'	46°37'	94		E., gentle.
15	—	—	85		Moored Aden, 9.30 a.m.
22	12°38'	44°35'	25	W.	Run, 85. Weighed anchor 6.50 a.m.
23	14°10'	42°48'	178	NW.	E., moderate to strong. Under trysail. Fresh to whole gale from S.
24	16°07'	41°22'	160		Fresh S. gale ending with calm at night. Rough sea.
25	16°56'	40°31'	68		Variables.
26	17°23'	40°26'	28		NE., light.
27	18°07'	39°41'	61	NNW.	E. to SE., gentle.
28	19°45'	39°12'	103	N.b W.	S.E., gentle.
29	21°41'	38°22'	125		S., gentle to fresh.
30	23°17'N.	38°10'E.	97	Tacking.	N.W., gale, moderate sea.
31	23°11'	37°07'	57 to westward.		NW., fresh, fell to calm at night.
Feb.					
1	24°07'	36°51'	59	NNW.	Calm and light S.
2	25°43'	36°06'	104		WNW., strong to gale force. Hove to.
3	26°30'	35°36'	53	NW.	Calms and variables.
4	27°20'	34°31'	75	WNW.	SE., moderate.
5	28°40'	32°59'	117	NW.	Variables.
6	29°54'	32°33'	79		NW., light. Moored Suez 1 p.m.
13	—	—	—		Weighed anchor, Suez, 9.48 a.m. Under sail. SW. to WNW., moder- ate to strong. Moored Deversoir Station, 5.40 p.m. for night.
14	—	—	—		Weighed anchor 7.10 a.m. Under power and sails, W. light. Moored Ismalia 9.10 a.m.

Carried forward. 10,537

LOG OF "SIRIUS"

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1936					
Feb.	<i>Brought forward.</i>		10,537		
15	—	—	100		Weighed anchor 7.27a.m. Under power and sails. Moored Pt. Said 2.15 p.m. Run from Suez to Pt. Said, 100.
18	—	—	—		Weighed anchor 12.55 p.m. N., Light.
19	32°17'	31°20'	78	N.	NW., moderate to strong gale. Squally.
20	32°56'	31°06'	41		NW., light to moderate.
21	34°00'	29°44'	Run for 5 days 155		SW. to NW., moderate to strong.
22	33°52'	28°35'			NW. Whole gale, rough seas. Hove to. Driven back.
23	33°18'	28°04'			NW., gale, falling.
24	33°24'	28°43'			SE. to SW., moderate.
25	34°52'	27°48'			NW., moderate to fresh gale. Hove to.
26	35°11'	26°57'	32		W., light to moderate.
27	35°24'	26°22'			Light and variable.
27	—	—	30	—	Moored Spinalonga Bay, Crete, 5.45 p.m. Run from noon, 30.

March

5	35°24'N.	25°28'E.	26	W.	Weighed anchor 6.30 a.m. Variable.
			15		Moored Candia 6.20 p.m. Run from noon, 15.
9	—	—	—	—	Weighed anchor noon. NW., light.
10	35°48'	24°52'	31	Tacking.	NW., light.
11	36°40'	24°11'	64		Calms and variables, mostly calm.
12	37°54'	23°41'	80	NNW.	S., gentle. Moored Piraeus Harbour, Greece, 1.15 p.m.
17	37°52'	23°31'	10 22		Weighed anchor 6.55 a.m. Calms and variables. Moored at entrance to Corinth Canal, 7 p.m. Run 22.
18	38°02'	22°53'	12	Tacking.	Weighed anchor 6.55a.m. and motored through Corinth Canal.
19	38°19'	22°14'	34	W.	NW., gentle to strong. N. to E., moderate to strong.

Carried forward. 11,267

N O R T H W A R D H O !

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1936					
March	<i>Brought forward.</i>		11,267		
20	—	—	—	—	Moored Argostile, Cephalonia, 8.30 a.m. Run, 93.
23	—	—	—		Weighed anchor, 2.30 p.m. S., light to gentle.
24	37°25'	18°50'	95	SSW.	SE., light to fresh.
25	36°40'	17°01'	100		E., gentle to fresh.
26	35°50'	14°42'	122 8		N. to E., light. Moored Valetta, Malta, 3 p.m. Run, 8.
April					
7	36°06' N.	14°26' E.	15	NNW.	SE., moderate.
8	36°37'	13°24'	58	Tacking.	NW., moderate.
9	36°27'	12°18'	54		N. to NW., moderate to strong.
10	36°54'	11°28'	48	NW.	NE., moderate.
11	37°39'	10°12'	76		N. to W., light ending with whole gale from W. Hove to for night.
12	38°12'	10°10'	Run for 7 days, 138	Various.	Gale, moderating. Rough sea.
13	38°28'	9°43'			E. to S., light to fresh. Strong NW. gale at midnight.
14	38°02'	8°30'			SW. to NW., fresh to whole gale. Hove to. Rough sea.
15	37°51'	8°29'			Variables.
16	37°58'	6°55'			Fresh gale to storm between NW. and SW., terrific squalls. Hove to. Rough sea.
17	38°30'	7°13'			W. to NW. Storm with terrific squalls of hurricane force. Hove to. Very rough, breaking seas. Heavy hail.
18	38°17'	7°41'			NW. Strong gale, moderating. Hove to.
19	38°08'	7°12'			W., moderate in morning SE. to E. in afternoon. Sea moderating.
20	38°30' N.	5°42' E.	73	Various.	Variable, gentle to fresh, ending N., moderate gale.
21	38°05'	4°06'	78		N., moderate to fresh.
22	38°00'	3°31'	28		N., gale. Hove to.
23	37°26'	3°06'	39	to SW.	N. to NW., strong, finishing light.
<i>Carried forward.</i>			12,199		

LOG OF "SIRIUS"

DATE.	LAT.	LONG.	RUN.	APPROX. COURSE.	WIND, REMARKS, ETC.
1936					
April	<i>Brought forward.</i>		12,199		
24	37°12'	2°32'	30	W.	E. to SE., light to gentle.
25	37°20'	0°24'	101	W.	E., gale.
26	36°29'N	2°00'W	122		NE., moderate to fresh gale ending light to strong. E., calm at midnight.
27	36°21'	3°12'	59		E., moderate to fresh gale, fell to gentle breeze at night.
28	36°06'	5°21'	105		E. moderate. Moored Gibraltar, 1.25 p.m.
May					
11	36°00' N.	5°34' W.	14		W., light to gentle.
12	36°23'	6°34'	57	NW.	SW. to W., light.
13	36°24'	6°33'	16		SW., light to gentle.
14	36°42'	7°19'	27		Light variables.
15	36°47'	7°58'	31		Calms and variables.
16	36°53'	8°59'	50	Tacking.	N., moderate ending gale force.
17	37°15'	9°13'	23		N., moderate gale to strong gale.
18	37°15'	9°37'	19		W. to NW., moderate gale to fresh gale. Rough sea.
19	37°56'	9°45'	41	N.	W., strong, ending S., moderate gale.
20	39°57'	10°18'	122	Tacking.	N., light.
21	40°35'	9°47'	45		N., light to gentle.
22	41°18'	10°02'	44		N., gale.
23	41°37'	9°54'	19	NNE.	NNW., gentle to strong.
24	42°45'	9°26'	72	N.b W.	NW., moderate gale, ending light.
25	43°19'	9°16'	43	NW.	S.W., calms and light.
26	43°43'	8°55'	27		Calms and NE., light.
27	43°51'	9°07'	12	NE.	NW. to W., light to moderate.
28	45°24'	8°06'	100		SW., light.
29	46°09'	7°33'	50	NNE.	NE. to E., light to strong.
30	46°50'	6°50'	52	NE.	NW., fresh to strong.
31	47°46'	5°38'	74	Various.	N. to W., moderate.
June					
1	48°12' N.	5°21' W.	29	NE.	NW., gentle, ending SW., moderate gale. Land sighted (Ushant).
2	50°01'	4°13'	114 26	NNE.	SW., fresh wind to moderate gale, ending in calm. Moored Plymouth, 6 p.m. Run from noon, 26.

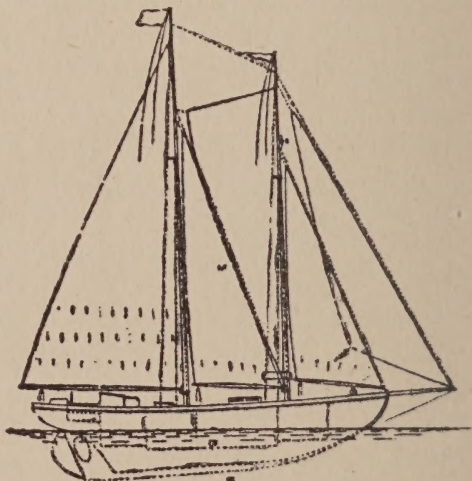
13,723

SIRIUS

AN OCEAN CRUISER FROM AUSTRALIA

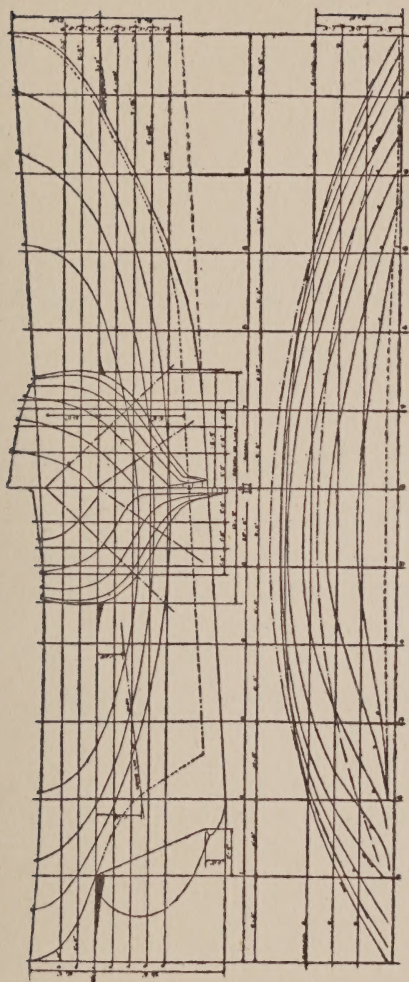
(The author is indebted to the Editor of the "Yachting Monthly" for permission to reprint the following article, with its illustrations.)

BUILT for ocean cruising, this able-looking canoe-sterned 53 ft. staysail schooner has been sailed from Sydney, N.S.W., to England by her owner, Mr. Harold Nossiter, and his two sons, as reported last month. "Sirius" was designed for the purpose by John D. Thistlethwaite, naval architect, of Greenwich, N. S. W., and built at the yard of James Hayes & Sons in Neutral Bay last winter. Full-chested and sturdy, she is a true "Aussie."



The lines show a hull which is full bodied, with a generous displacement but with a sharp rise to the garboards. The ends are full and buoyant

SIRIUS



The lines of "Sirius" show a powerful, full-ended hull.

for working the gear. Below, the size of the engine-room and its light and airiness are most noticeable, but it is the size of the saloon—about

12 ft. by 12 ft., with over 6 ft. headroom under the beams—that takes one's already short breath away. There are no cramped quarters, no dark corners here to hold damp air and encourage mildew and rot: Mr. Nossiter believes in keeping his ship ventilated, light and airy below decks, and she is all the better for it. The galley is, in my humble opinion, perfectly situated, on the port side, close to a companion to the deck, within easy reach of the saloon (with no doors in the way), and where there must be just about the least motion at sea.

Good seasoned jarrah from Western Australia has gone into the planking of the bottom, which is not copper sheathed on account of this wood's special resisting qualities to worm. Whether it will prove necessary to protect the hull with anything other than anti-fouling composition on her continued voyage around the world remains to be seen. I know I for one should feel happier about my deadwoods and planking if they were coppered during the long spells across the Indian Ocean.

Unlike so many of these ocean cruisers, "Sirius" does not look like a cross between a tramp and a decayed fishing boat. She looked trim and Bristol fashion when I saw her, and that was not long after her tedious thresh to windward from Gibraltar. She has white enamelled topsides, clean laid decks and an air of neatness that dispels the convention that a deep-sea cruiser should look a mass of tattered baggywrinkles and frayed ropes' ends. "Sirius," in fact, looked like—a yacht.

"WISHBONE."

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